The Analyst

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The Analyst

by aicyel

Summary

While in Middle School one of Midoriya's notebooks is found by Pro Hero Snipe. It causes an uproar within the heroes of UA as they try to find the author. This, in turn, changes Midoriya Izuku's life in ways he could never have imagined.

No beta. I apologize for any mistakes.

Notes

This is my first fanfic in about 15 years. Yes, I'm old. At least most days it feels like it. lol. I apologize for any errors. All suggestions and criticism is appreciated. But please be kind.

- Inspired by Cheat Code: Support Strategist by Clouds (myheadinthecoudsnotcomingdown)
- Inspired by Viridian: The Green Guide by Clouds (myheadinthecoudsnotcomingdown)
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by TheNarator

Chapter 1

Snipe was walking along, carrying his groceries. He was very grateful that he had decided to use a mask with his hero costume. Civilians didn't know what he looked like and he could take his time and relax. He decided he would take a shortcut through an alleyway on his way home from the store. He was starting to get hungry and he still had grading to do for his second years.

As he was walking, what looked to be a notebook on the ground at the edge of the wall caught his eye. He could see a well-drawn image of the pro hero Fourth Kind. It looked like it might be a book of sketches and Snipe picked it up, his curiosity getting the better of him. As he flipped through the book his eyes grew progressively wider. This was so very bad.

The notebook wasn't a sketchbook at all. It was a book of professional level analysis. From what he could see everyone listed in it was a professional hero. Some he knew personally, others he had worked with, and even some that wasn't from this area at all. There in front of him were his colleagues' strengths and weaknesses. All of their special moves broken down along with strategies to beat them. Not to mention the ideas on new ways to use their special moves and their quirks in general.

Snipe looked down at the bag of groceries that was to be his dinner with a sigh. He tucked the notebook under his arm and pulled his phone out of his back pocket. He dialed a familiar number and waited for the smartest person he knew to pick up, "Nedzu, we have a problem."

Snipe gave a brief rundown of the situation and what he had found. Nedzu instructed him to bring the book back to U.A. and advised him that Lunch Rush had some ready-made meals in the small side kitchen off the teacher's lounge. Snipe didn't bother to ask how his boss had known. He just ended the call and made his way back to U.A.

Once Snipe made it back to the school, he stopped in the teacher's lounge kitchen and picked up one of Lunch Rush's amazing meals and dropped off his small bag of groceries. He then continued on his way to Nedzu's office. Once there he didn't even bother to knock. As were the eccentric principal's tendencies, the door opened before he had to wait more than ten seconds. There stood the principal. The important thing was that his quirk made him one of the smartest beings in the

country. Surely, he would know what to do about the concerning information he had found.

They sat and Snipe tasted the tea Nedzu had offered him. The tea was Chamomile and ginger. It was his favorite and felt the tension in his shoulders relax just a little bit. The marksman wasn't always a fan of tea, but with a boss like Nedzu it hadn't really taken long to find one he liked. It also helped that Nedzu only bought the best quality.

Snipe passed the notebook over to the well-groomed principal, and said, "Here's the Notebook I found. It was just lying in an alley like someone had thrown it away."

"Let's see it then," Nedzu said as he began to peruse the Notebook. Snipe noticed his eyes widened slightly as he got his first glimpse of the information within. Snipe silently ate his meal as Nedzu read the Notebook from cover to cover.

Once finished the furry Principal sat the notebook on the table and sighed, "This is definitely concerning. For several reasons. I'm going to look into this. Hopefully an analyst just got lax on some protocols. Stick around for an hour I have a feeling it might not be that simple." Snipe nodded, and left to throw away his trash and get ahead on his first-year grading.

Snipe had been sitting at his desk for about twenty minutes, staring at the reviews for his last class at the Gun Range. He had a select few that were doing great, but he had a feeling that at least two of his second years were not going to end up certified to carry a gun no matter how much they stated that's what they wanted. He picked up his phone when he heard Nedzu's alert go out.

Code yellow.

Emergency meeting.

One hour.

Please Confirm.

After confirming, Snipe rested his head on the back of his chair. All

thoughts of student reviews evaporating. He could count on one hand the times Nedzu had sent a Code Yellow in the five years he had been teaching at U.A. While it wasn't the worst code he could have sent. Code Red meant life or death, and Code Black meaning Apocalyptic level danger. It was certainly bad. The Hero ignored the beeping of the notifications that were his colleagues confirming the alert. So much for a quiet night in.

Snipe settled into his chair at the conference table. Everyone should be arriving shortly. He was sure that Nedzu had been working on finding the analyst that had written the notebook. Sure, Snipe's evening had been ruined, but he was grateful that he had been the one to find the notebook. At the very least it wouldn't fall into villainous hands. It was now safe at U.A.

Snipe was checking up on the hero news when Thirteen and Ectoplasm were the first to arrive. Thirteen usually had downtime unless there was a Natural Disaster or villain attack severe enough for them to be needed. Ectoplasm was on the same patrol rotation as himself, and they were only scheduled as needed. While Thirteen was still in their suit, Ectoplasm was dressed as a civilian like Snipe himself. He couldn't even see the prosthetics the man wore under his jeans.

Both newcomers had nodded to their fellow hero, when Vlad king walked through the door quickly followed by Hound Dog. They were both scheduled to patrol the area around the school and were still in their hero costumes. Once they had found a seat the questions' started.

It was Vlad that spoke up first cutting off Thirteen, who was just about to speak, "So, does anyone know what this is about?"

There was a moment of silence before Snipe pushed his dreads away from his face and sighed, "I do, but we should wait for Nedzu. It's complicated."

Before anyone could comment further Midnight walked in, in all her R rated glory, "What kind of crap is going on now?"

"Just wait, Nedzu will be here shortly," Vlad informed her.

Snipe snorted in amusement. The man had just been asking the same thing.

Thirteen and Midnight began a conversation involving an incident that happened on Midnight's patrol, and a few minutes later Aizawa and Yamada walked in. Both were in civilian garb. It was unusual to see Eraserhead out of uniform, but the question in everyone's mind was answered when Yamada asked grumpily, "Who's idea was it to interrupt date night, Yo?

This caused all the heroes at the table to erupt into snickers with a few 'Aww's' thrown in. Snipe knew it wasn't unusual for heroes to have relationships with other heroes. It was the nature of the job. Late nights, and broken dates weren't often something civilians could overlook, but heroes understood the nature of the job and could look past the celebrity status to see the work beneath. However, the pair couldn't have more different personalities. They were on opposite ends of the spectrum. When you caught them together it was glaringly obvious that they loved each other. Snipe guessed it was true that opposites attract.

It was Nedzu who answered, "Sorry everyone. A matter has been brought to my attention, and I feel that it is of the utmost importance to resolve it quickly lest anyone be harmed."

Nedzu's explanation quickly put a damper on the mood in the room. Everyone had worked with him long enough to trust that if he deemed a situation dangerous then it, more than likely, was. Hound Dog let out a discomfited growl that was cut off by Yamada, "How bad is it? Are we talking someone's getting expelled, or the sky is falling?"

Before the Principal could respond Aizawa spoke up, "Hizashi, let him explain. It'll be faster."

At that all attention returned to Nedzu, who now stood on the end of the long conference table. Snipe noticed that the innocent looking notebook was sitting next to where he was standing.

"I'll start at the beginning," Nedzu stated. He then proceeded to explain the events that happened earlier with Snipe finding notebook filled with analysis, and the implications of what it contained.

At the end of his explanation the room was silent. Everyone was stunned. It wasn't unusual for people to write about heroes. It came with the celebrity aspect of the industry, but to have that kind of information just floating out in the public where anyone could have

access to it was dangerous. Nedzu didn't have to tell them why. They were all thinking that it had been fortuitous that it had been Snipe who had found it.

Questions and comments started flying from most of the heroes, but Aizawa just stood up and picked up the notebook that had started it all. He returned to his seat and started to flip through it. After only a couple pages he stated, "Surely this was done by a professional analyst. We just need to find whoever broke protocol."

This caused the voices to die down. That's what it looks like. However, I searched the Licensed Professional Analyst's Database (LPAD) and found no match to the Analysis or the name in the front of the notebook," Nedzu explained.

To Aizawa, that was especially concerning. He flipped to the inside front cover and saw the name there, "Maybe this Midoriya Izuku is someone who went to school for Quirk Analysis, but wasn't able to get their license. Which could be an issue?

Nedzu shot down that theory with, "That's another problem. The only Izuku Midoriya that I could find is a fourteen-year-old Middle School student who's listed on the registry as quirkless."

It was Yamada, who had been reading over Aizawa's shoulder, that stated, "A middle school student didn't write this."

"The chances that he is the analyst, is small, almost negligible," Nedzu agreed.

It was Ectoplasm that spoke up next, "So, what you're saying that we have no idea who wrote this. Who they are? Or whether they are a civilian or a villain?

With that blunt statement the enormity of the situation fell on the room. Then Nedzu made it so much worse, "Not just that. The best-case scenario is that the analyst is a civilian. However, it's only a matter of time until a villain becomes aware of what they are capable of. Considering they are not following protocols. Nor are they trying to secure the information they are privy to."

"Oh my God. We need to find them," Midnight stated the obvious.

Nedzu nodded and informed them, "That is why, until further notice, all your scheduled patrols have been reassigned and we are going to focus on this alone. Along with teaching, of course. This is a time

sensitive matter. I have already informed the heroes listed in the notebook of the danger it presents, and to be aware of the information being out there.

Midnight, I didn't send you an email, because you were going to be here. It's something you need to be aware of. You are one of the heroes in this notebook."

All the teachers could see the startled look on her face, but she just nodded and reached out for the notebook. Aizawa handed it to his friend with a stoic look. Midnight read the information with a thoughtful look, and Nedzu continued to assign leads and tasks to the heroes. The meeting broke up not long after.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Hi readers. I was really excited to post this first fic so here is chapter two. Now I do want to let you know that I am really bad at schedules of any kind so there will not be a posting schedule. I am however about seven chapters ahead and hope to stay that way mostly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been three days since the discovery of the surprisingly dangerous notebook and the author they had simply dubbed The Analyst. All the teachers were meeting to discuss their progress finding the mysterious Analyst. Unfortunately, they didn't have much.

It was starting to worry the heroes that The Analyst was able to hide so well from Nedzu. They haven't, up till this point, seen their Principal take so much time to solve a puzzle. They had taken all the leads and nothing had panned out. They were effectively stuck, not sure where to go from this point.

It was Aizawa who spoke up, "Maybe the boy is related to The Analyst. They do have the same name."

There was silence in the room as the teachers processed this. Then Ectoplasm spoke up, "The registry shows that his only living relative is his mother."

That caused a collective sigh as the hero's realized their newest potential lead had been dashed.

Finally, Nedzu spoke up, "Well, at this point it wouldn't hurt to interview them. They may have estranged family, or the boy might be named after The Analyst."

"Who should go, though? Technically they haven't done anything wrong," asked Present Mic.

"Aizawa and Yamada should go. Yamada's popularity and approachableness would help smooth over the situation and they'll just think Aizawa's a teacher," answered Nedzu.

Most of the teachers smiled at that, but they didn't laugh outright.

Except for Present Mic, who didn't bother to hold in his bellowing laugh.

They agreed that Aizawa and Present Mic would go to speak to the Midoriya's the next day after classes. They wanted to make sure the boy had time to get home after school so they could talk with him also, just in case. The meeting broke up slowly with some teachers staying late to gossip with each other. While Aizawa and Yamada left to head home.

The following evening found the heroes making their way to the Midoriya's apartment. It was in a lower middle class apartment building, and seemed rather plain. Both heroes were in their uniforms and had no idea what to expect. They could only hope that this small family could shed some light on the potentially dangerous analyst.

Aizawa let Hizashi take the lead as they had discussed. If nothing villainous was going on they didn't want to scare the Midoriya family. Hizashi's easy going personality usually put people at ease. It was a skill that he knew Hizashi had cultivated, though most believed it to be natural. There was also the possibility that they weren't involved with The Analyst at all, and that this was a dead end just like all the others. Shota hoped not. He didn't like the idea that The Analyst was out there with the knowledge of their weaknesses.

Aizawa stood off to the side as present Mic knocked on the door. They waited for a few moments. The woman who opened the door was obviously Mrs. Midoriya. She matched her picture in the quirk registry. Although Aizawa could tell that time had passed. Once she saw who was at the door, she looked nervous, but not in a way that set his instincts off.

Mrs. Midoriya invited them in after they introduced themselves, and explained that they had an open case that she might have information on. She had a look of confusion about her, but she was open and agreed to help. She offered them tea and they accepted. When she left to put the kettle on the heroes both looked around the room at the framed photos on the wall. Most depicted who they assumed was a young Izuku Midoriya in various stages of his life. Though Aizawa would never admit it, the boy was adorable when he was younger. He even saw Hizashi smile at a picture of the green haired boy that must

have been taken when he was about three or four years old. He had an All Might onesie on and it appeared that he was about to jump off the edge of the couch. His fist raised in excited triumph.

Both men moved back to the sofa as Mrs. Midoriya returned carrying a tea tray.

Hizashi took the lead, stating, “Thanks for taking the time to talk with us. We just have a few questions.”

Mrs. Midoriya was flustered, but she just waved away the thanks. “It’s no problem. I’m happy to help in any way I can.”

The voice hero nodded and smiled, before continuing, “We have a person of interest in one of our cases named Midoriya Izuku that we are trying to locate. We were wondering if you had named your son after anyone, a family member maybe?”

“No, I actually found it in a name book, when we were trying to decide,” Mrs. Midoriya dashed their hopes.

Hizashi did his best to not let his disappointment show. He had no idea where they would go from here, but it was apparently back to the drawing board. He was brought out of his musings when he heard his husband continue the conversation.

“Have you ever seen this before?” Aizawa asked as he showed her the notebook.

Both heroes notice the look of recognition on the woman’s face, but what she said surprised them, “Of course. That’s Izu-kun's notebook. Did he loose one of them?”

In a moment of shock all the heroes could think was that there had to be a mistake. There was no way that a fourteen-year-old, quirkless boy was The Analyst.

It was Aizawa that recovered first, and asked if they could speak with her son. Mrs. Midoriya smiled and agreed. Izu-kun would be excited to talk to an actual hero. She left to go get Izuku, as he was in his room.

Yamada looked to his husband and stated, “There’s no way, right. Maybe he knows The Analyst?”

Aizawa was still reeling, but this situation had been crazy all the way around. At this point anything was possible. Never would he have

imagined. They stopped whispering when they heard footsteps coming down the hallway. The boy was adorable and skittish. Those were the first impressions Present Mic had of the young man.

Midoriya was freaking out over the fact that someone found his notebook. He had thought one of his bullies destroyed it again. He was worried that they were angry about his stalker notebooks and creepy notes. He, never the less, trudged after his mom, not ready to face the music. His notebooks were all he had. It was the only part of his dream that he could work toward.

Midoriya was shocked to see the hero Present Mic sitting on his couch alongside another man. There were heroes in his apartment and they wanted to talk to him. It took everything he had to hold back his fanboy muttering. He didn't know why they were here, and he didn't want to make them angrier. So, he set down and kept his mouth shut.

The two heroes noticed the tension in the boy. He had a white knuckled grip on his hands. When Aizawa looked to Mrs. Midoriya he saw that her reaction was puzzled. The entire scenario had changed and they would have to change their approach. Once again, he let Mic set the tone. He had a way about him that put people at ease.

"Hey there little listener. You're not in trouble or anything. We just have some questions, okay?" Present Mic began. The adults watched as the tension around the boy lifted as did the gloomy atmosphere.

Izuku was so relieved to hear that he wasn't in trouble that his curiosity began to rise. "The" Present Mic was in his apartment and wanted to talk to him. He also took a better look at the other man with him, and was 93% sure the man was Eraserhead. "The" Eraserhead. One of his idols was in his apartment and wanted to talk to him. Oh my God.

Izuku was brought out of his inner fanboy monologue when the voice hero asked, "So little listener, I'm Present Mic and this is Aizawa."

Izuku was doing so well holding back his creepy stalker mutterings that even he was surprised when the first words out of his mouth was, "Can I have your autograph?"

Present Mic didn't bother holding back his loud boisterous laugh, and he saw Aizawa out of the corner of his eye. The Erasure hero was hiding his smile in his capture weapon. "Of course, you can. I'll give it to you before we leave. How's that?"

Izuku couldn't believe that had come pouring out of his mouth. The first thing he had said to the hero was to ask for his autograph. Oh my god. He needed to apologize. They came to ask him questions. Not sign autographs. "Thank you so much. I am so sorry. I don't know what I was thinking."

"Now, Now, little listener. No harm done. I'm always happy to meet a fan. But I do have some questions if you're up for a chat?" Mic reassured while trying to get back on track.

Midoriya steeled himself. It must be important if two pro heroes came to talk to him about it. "I'll do my best." Izuku stated.

With a wide smile Present Mic stated "Great," and held out the notebook.

"Do you recognize this? Your mom thought it might belong to you." Present Mic continued.

Izuku noticed it for the first time and exclaimed, "You found my notebook. Thank you so much. I was worried it was gone for good."

Yep. This was definitely not what they had been expecting. They had wasted days looking for someone else, and it belonged to the kid the entire time. They were in unknown territory. This time it was Aizawa who spoke up, "Who wrote the analysis inside the notebook?"

The boy just cocked his head and asked, "You mean my notes. Oh, I've been taking notes on heroes and quirks for as long as I can remember."

That's it. Their minds were blown. Yamada clarified anyway, "So you wrote this?"

"Uh, yeah," was the answer that they got, but it just led to so many more questions. It was Mrs. Midoriya who tried to explain, "Izuku has always been interested in heroes and fascinated by quirks. He's been writing about them for as long as he could write." She sounded proud, but Aizawa also noticed the sadness that showed through her expression.

"So, you have more than just this one notebook?" Present mic asked uncertainly.

"Yeah, but the early stuff isn't very good. My very first notebook was done in crayon," Midoriya replied.

The enormity of how dangerous the situation was hit Present Mic and he asked, “Can we see your other notebooks?”

“Sure, they’re in my room,” the small green haired menace jumped up in excitement. Rushing to get his other potentially career ending notebooks.

With the young man out of the room Mrs. Midoriya looked at the two men and asked, “Is something wrong. Should I be worried?”

The answer was, of course, yes. She should be concerned, but they didn’t want to totally freak her out. So, Aizawa stated candidly, “We are concerned about your son’s analysis getting into the hands of villains. We were trying to find the analyst to make sure they weren’t a villain, and protect them from villains if not.”

There was no way he was going to lie to the boy’s mother. At this point they were going to have to figure out a more permanent solution. It appeared that, right now, the only thing protecting the weaknesses of the seventeen heroes in the one notebook they had seen was one garden variety deadbolt on the apartment’s front door. Both heroes were surprised when Mrs. Midoriya replied, “Surely his notes aren’t that dangerous. It’s just his hobby. Are they?”

‘Oh my God. The woman had no idea.’ both heroes thought simultaneously. “Mrs. Midoriya they are most definitely that dangerous. A villain could use the information in this single notebook to end the careers of Seventeen Pro Heroes.” Aizawa stated plainly.

They needed the woman to understand the situation. It apparently worked, because she paled considerably. Her next words caused them to pause, “Oh my God. There’s almost two shelves of those notebooks.”

Chapter End Notes

> Dun, Dun, Dun. See you next chapter. Have a wonderful week. As always Thanks so much for reading. All comments and criticism is appreciated. Remember, Please be kind.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> I finished chapter 8 so I am posting another chapter. So, this was supposed to be two chapters, but I couldn't find a good place to split them. It ended up being an extra long chapter. I'm sure everyone just hates that. ;0 This story has no beta so I'm sorry for any mistakes. Anyway. On to the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Before they could continue Izuku returned with a large stack of notebooks piled in his hands. He placed the stack on the coffee table and said, "I left the ones in crayon. I also stopped numbering after twelve. Some of them have repeated heroes or quirks. Not all of them are heroes either."

As the adults sat there staring at the stack all they could think was 'Thank God for small mercies.'

It was Present Mic who spoke, "Can we look at these, little listener?"

The boy nodded and both heroes and Mrs. Midoryia picked up a notebook to look through. Even Izuku looking over his mother's shoulder when suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh, I almost forgot the new one in my bag."

All the adults blanched at that information, and the heroes thought, 'He carries them around with him." Aizawa looked at the apartment door and mumbled, "So much for the deadbolt."

This situation was so far out of hand that the heroes weren't sure what to do next. While the notebooks were indeed a threat, they were insignificant when considering the mind that created them. That mind belonged to a fourteen-year-old boy. Who, it seemed, had no idea of the potential danger he was in or could cause? With a sigh Aizawa stated he was going to make a call, and stepped out of the apartment.

He had a very surprising call to make to Nedzu. Once he stepped outside into the hallway, he dialed the familiar number. Now that the questions were being answered the underground hero felt a petty feeling of smugness well up. Nedzu had been wrong. Well, in all fairness, none of them had thought the boy would be capable of being the analyst. However, Aizawa could count on one hand the times, he

knew of, that Nedzu had been wrong. He would even have fingers left over. Aizawa would also enjoy the Principal's reaction. He just wished he could see it in person.

Aizawa's thoughts were brought back to the present when he heard Nedzu pick up on the other end of the line. "Hello, Aizawa. How did it go?"

Aizawa smiled wide as he dropped the bomb, "It's the kid."

There was a heavy silence on the other end of the line. "Explain," came the reply.

Again, Aizawa stated, "The kid is The Analyst."

"Are you sure?" Nedzu doublechecked.

"Yes. He showed us more of his analysis. It's really him," Aizawa assured him.

Nedzu hummed and Aizawa knew he was processing the new information, "He must be a genius to be able to produce analysis of that quality at such a young age."

Aizawa let out a huff of breath, "He's something, alright. He seems to have no idea of the danger his analysis presents. He also seems to think that there is nothing special about his notes, as he calls them."

"Hmmm. That's also concerning. How has no one noticed his capabilities?" Nedzu inquired, seemingly to himself.

However, Aizawa replied anyway, "I don't know, but right now we need to make security our top priority. The only thing protecting the boy and his notes, right now, is a deadbolt. You and I both know that's not going to stop a villain. He also carries a notebook with him, and does analysis in public. He needs to be taught proper protocols."

"Indeed," Nedzu stated, "We should be able to come up with something. I'll meet with them tomorrow to go over options. Go ahead and give them the basics about the danger. I'll have patrols stay in the area, and have Amplifier watch the apartment for the night."

"Do I need to pick up a patrol?" Aizawa asked.

"No. Go ahead and head home. Get some sleep," was Nedzu's response.

The call ended shortly after that and Aizawa took a moment to collect his thoughts before returning to the apartment.

Present Mic looked at the notebook in his hands and flipped through it. Yep. It had some next level analysis comparative to the one he had already seen. As he was flipping through the pages, he saw a drawing of a familiar piece of support equipment. He carefully flipped back a few pages and saw that it was an analysis of himself and his quirk.

Just like all the others he had seen. There was a carefully drawn picture of him with small curvy lines meant to depict sound waves. Underneath was the image of his directional speaker. Then to the right and onto the next page was a description of his quirk. Below that was his special moves, ideas on how to improve them, and ways to counter them.

Then came the questions. Things the little listener wasn't sure about. After that was possible new special moves and various other ways, he could possibly use his quirk. Some, he noticed, he had never thought of before.

This kid was amazing. He was a genius for sure. But, right now he was vulnerable, and he didn't even know it. Mic just couldn't get over the fact that the kid carried this kind of information around with him. They needed to protect the little listener, because he seemed like a great kid, but the last thing anyone needed was him falling into the hands of a villain. Hopefully, Nedzu would have an idea. The young man could do so much good.

Realizing he had been quiet for too long, and the little listener was starting to fidget in nervousness again, he asked, "So, how did your notebook end up in an alley anyway?"

"Um, I'm not sure exactly. I had it with me at school, but when I came home, I couldn't find it. It wasn't in my bag," was the answer the boy gave.

"Huh, does that happen often?" Mic continued looking for answers. He also saw the look of worry Mrs. Midoriya gave her son.

The boy's brow furrowed as he answered softly, "Sometimes."

Wanting to ease the boy, Mic moved on, “You know, we were all surprised when Snipe brought in this notebook and it had analysis of this quality written by someone we had never heard of. It was crazy. Most of us thought it was written by a professional analyst that had either started freelancing or committed a massive breach of their agency's security.”

Present Mic smiled gently at the shocked look on the boy’s face. Then came the sputtering. After that, finally, the boy’s response, “What. But it’s just my notes. No one ever wants to know about them.”

Well, that was a good thing, and concerning all at the same time. How could no one have noticed that the boy was a genius. Even his mother had believed they were nothing special. That was just something else they would have to investigate later.

“Well little listener, I don’t know about that. I know of quite a few people who are wanting to meet you, and are interested in your analysis. You know, you could help a lot of heroes with it,” Present Mic encouraged with his finger guns for effect.

He also pretended not to notice the tears the boy wiped away as he softly asked, “Really?”

“Absolutely” he encouraged. “But security is a priority. Not only do you have notebooks full of dangerous information, but you have a head full of that same dangerous information. Can you imagine what could have happened if a villain found your notebook instead of Snipe?”

Hizashi didn’t want to scold or scare the boy, but he needed to understand how dangerous the situation was. They had been so very lucky that it had been Snipe who had found the notebook? If he hadn’t the boy would continue to run around with no idea of the danger.

It appeared that the boy had understood, at least, some of the danger. He paled considerably and started to mumble quietly.

“Now, little listener. Don’t freak out on me, Yo. It’s going to be okay. We’ll figure it out. Aizawa’s talking to Nedzu right now, and he’ll have a short-term solution.

“Nedzu, the Principal of U.A?” the young man asked.

“Yep. We both teach at U.A. He was very interested in your analysis. Probably even more so now that we know you haven’t had any formal

training," Present Mic answered. He smiled as he watched the boy turn to his mother in excitement, "Mom, Nedzu, the Principal of U.A. is interested in my notes!"

Mrs. Midoriya didn't miss a beat in replying, "I heard. That's wonderful Izu-kun."

Both adults noticed when the boy's excitement dimmed. Izuku turned to Present Mic, "He's not mad, right?"

That confused Present Mic, "Why would he be mad, little listener?"

The boy just gave a shrug and said, "Most people that know about my notes get mad or creeped out."

There was something wrong with that statement. They would have to look into it. The educators at his school should have noticed the boy's analytical abilities and recommended him for an assessment. Then the boy would have been brought to Nedzu's attention much sooner. Even if the boy didn't want to be a hero, his analytical mind should have been nurtured. However, that was something to think about later. Right now, the boy needed some reassurance.

"No way. He's not mad at you little listener, "Present Mic assured the boy with a smile.

Hizashi was happy to see some of the excitement back in the boy's eyes, as he smiled. He looked down at the top-notch analysis of himself and pulled out a pen. He then proceeded to autograph the space above the sketch of himself. Once finished, he looked to the boy, "Got anything else you want me to sign?"

Present Mic's loud laugh followed the boy as he practically left a vapor trail running back into his bedroom.

"Thank you for doing this. It means a lot to him, "Mrs. Midoriya said in gratitude.

It caught him a little off guard, that an autograph could mean so much to someone, but he could see the genuine gratitude in the woman's warm eyes. "It's my pleasure," Present Mic said, dropping his boisterous hero persona for the first time since arriving.

Izuku returned just as fast as he had left holding what appeared to be a book and a rolled-up poster. He sat down and handed the book to Present Mic.

Wow, Hizashi was surprised. It was his Tenth Anniversary picture book. His marketing team had released it ten years after his debut as a pro hero. It had a collection of images of him through the years. Some were from photo shoots he had done, and some were in action shots the press had gotten during many of his fights. There were even a couple of him doing his volunteer work and one of him teaching. That wasn't what was surprising though. It was a limited-edition collector's item. Only fifteen hundred had been produced. It was extremely rare to find them. Present Mic had signed ten of them and given them away on his radio show. That this one had no signature already meant that the listener had bought it.

"Huh, little listener, this must have been hard to get. Not to mention, expensive," Present Mic stated.

A blush flooded Izuku's cheeks, but he replied, "Actually I traded for it. I had a limited-edition Endeavor clock. I'm not really that big of an Endeavor fan, especially after he made that comment about quirkless people. So, when I found a collector wanting one, I traded for your book. I'm sorry I didn't buy it."

Present Mic wasn't worried. Hero collectables was a big industry, and collectors trading was a large part of it. "No worries. I was just surprised. This was one of my favorite pieces of merchandise."

The release of tension was obvious by how the boy's shoulders lowered in relief, "Me to. I love things like this. It shows, just a little bit, how heroes are regular people."

Mic didn't say anything else about it, but he did make sure to sign carefully. He wanted it to be perfect for the little listener. When finished, he handed it back, and asked, "Did you want me to sign anything else?"

The boy was a bit sheepish when he answered, "Honestly, I would love it if you signed every piece of your merch that I own, but I'm going to practice restraint. I want this book to be special. I really appreciate it. Thank you so much."

Mic wasn't sure why he had brought the poster out if he didn't want him to sign it, but he didn't mention it.

The door opened, and Aizawa returned to the sofa and sat down. Hizashi saw his husband's smile as he noticed the picture book Hizashi had signed.

Aizawa returned from making his call, and saw the picture book. It was his favorite of Hizashi's merchandise, and seeing the signature on it made him smile. He couldn't help tease, "Are you done signing autographs?"

Hizashi laughed and said, "You know it. I'm just popular wherever I go."

Aizawa was about to retort when the young man spoke up, "Actually, Mr. Aizawa, could I have your autograph also?"

This had the attention of every adult in the room. "My autograph? Why would you want that?" Aizawa asked. They hadn't indicated that he was a hero. Surely the boy didn't know.

That surety was dashed when the boy smiled a bright, nervous smile, and said, "You're Eraserhead, the underground hero, right?"

Aizawa was about to answer, but his excitable husband beat him to it, "Little listener, how did you know?"

"I recognized his goggles. You aren't wearing your capture weapon. So, I wasn't completely sure, but the only other reason I could think of for you to have the same goggles was if you were a fan. However, you don't really give off that kind of vibe. So, I was 93% sure you were Eraserhead. Oh, and, you came with Present Mic. It's a well-known fact that you went to school together and are friends. I didn't know you were a teacher though. I'm going to have to update my notes."

Aizawa wasn't sure that the kid had taken a breath through that entire rambling explanation. He was honestly impressed. It was extremely rare for a civilian to recognize him, or any true underground hero. He still inquired, "That still doesn't explain why you would want it."

They all watched as the boy blushed in embarrassment, but he managed to say, "You can erase quirks. Well, unless they are mutant types. However, that just levels the playing field. Essentially you fight quirkless. You're totally badass."

"Izuku, Language." Mrs. Midoriya yelped.

Present Mic burst out laughing so hard he ended up wheezing. Aizawa just smirked, and ignored the soft blush staining his cheeks. He didn't have much experience with fan encounters, for good reason. So, he just said, "Sure, kid. I'll sign something, but I don't have any merchandise."

The young man nodded and proceeded to roll out the poster he had grabbed from his room earlier. Once he had it rolled out Present Mic gasped. Aizawa just stared. It was a well-known fact that underground heroes didn't have merchandise. They didn't have popularity polls, and they didn't get recognition for the work they did from the public. After all, the point was for them to be unknown. However, if Eraserhead was ever asked to approve merch of himself, like Hizashi, he would want it to be this poster.

It was a cityscape at night, done in shades of grey. There were street lamps illuminating the street below them, and just in the light of the eight street lamps were nine silhouettes. Three were on the streets. Three were in alleyways. Two were perched on walls. However, front and center, was Eraserhead. He was perched on the corner of a rooftop with the moon lit up in the background. The only part of the heroes that could be made out was the heroes' support items, and their eyes. The dark silhouette of Eraserhead could be seen sporting his white capture weapon, and bright yellow goggles. His eyes were glowing red, and his hair was floating in the air as if he was using his quirk. At the top of the poster was the words "Heroes in the Shadows."

Izuku broke the silence by holding out a marker and saying, "Please."

Honestly, Shota was a little bit amazed by the poster. On the surface it was just a hero poster. However, he had never seen a piece of merch that encompassed a hero's persona like this poster did. It essentially highlighted the fact that the heroes depicted on it were underground by not displaying their features. The only thing that he liked more was Hizashi's picture book. He took the marker and signed, not just Eraserhead, but his name, Shota Aizawa.

Hizashi finally came to himself, and breathed out, "Where did you get this? It's amazing."

This caused the boy to blush again, "W-Well, like you said, underground heroes don't have merch, but they should. So, I made my own. It took me a while, and I had to use firsthand accounts and descriptions. I'm not really sure how accurate some of them are. But, you know, that's kind of the point."

Aizawa noticed it then, the tiny discrepancies. They weren't very noticeable, and you had to be looking for them, but they were there. It didn't take away from the striking visual though. He could, in fact, name every silhouette on the poster. The kid was apparently an

amazing artist.

Aizawa wasn't surprised when Hizashi asked, "Could I have one?"

"Well, due to merchandising laws it would be illegal to distribute it, but I would probably be okay just making you one," the boy said, "Actually, I have it on my computer. I just need to go to the print shop."

"Well, since I can't pay you for it, how about a trade?" Mic asked.

"O-oh. You don't have to, but I won't say no," Izuku stammered.

After Izuku made sure the ink was dry he carefully rolled the poster up.

It had been a bit of lightheartedness, and honestly Aizawa was grateful for it, however, they needed to get back on track. So, he said, "I appreciate that you're a fan, kid, but I need to let you and your mom know the plan for tonight."

The green haired boy nodded and Mrs. Midoriya spoke, "Alright Mr. Aizawa, go ahead."

Aizawa proceeded to explain that they would have several underground heroes patrol the neighborhood, along with one that would be stationed outside the apartment. They had no reason to believe that they would be attacked, however, they didn't want to take risks with the family's safety, "Tomorrow morning we'll come pick you up and take you to U.A. There you will talk to Nedzu, and he'll give you some options. He, also, wants to see the rest of your notebooks. If you're okay with it?"

The kid looked nervous, and when the kid spoke up, they found out why, "I'm not in trouble, right?"

There was a pause in the room and even Mrs. Midoriya looked to them for an answer. The heroes watched as Izuku fidgeted and his eyes darted between the heroes. Present Mic shook his head, and said, "You are not in trouble. Right now, you're vulnerable. You just need to learn how to keep yourself safe. In the meantime, we are going to keep you and your mom safe. Alright, little listener?"

Izuku nodded and smiled back, "I'm sorry I'm such a bother."

"Kid, It's okay. You didn't know. But the last thing we want is for you

and your mom to be targeted by villains, because you can pick apart heroes. Trust me. If they found out you would be. Keeping you safe is literally our jobs," Aizawa explained.

The heroes reassured them they were safe for the night, and explained that they would arrive to pick up the family at eight in the morning. After that they left.

The Midoriya's sat in the living room of their apartment in shock at the events of the evening. Never would they have anticipated the situation they had found themselves in. It was crazy that Izuku's notes could cause so much chaos.

Inko couldn't help but think that somewhere along the way she had let Izuku down. Sure, it had been several years since she had read any of her son's notebooks, but she had had no idea of the danger he had been in the entire time.

He had stopped sharing a lot once he had realized she didn't believe in his ability to become a hero. She wanted to believe in her son, but it was a fact that heroes were constantly in danger. They, in fact, looked for it. They were often wounded or even killed while doing their jobs. Even powerful quirks were often not enough to save a hero. Izuku didn't even have that. He had indeed honed his mind these past years., believing he could use it to become a hero, and she had never guessed the things he was able to do with it. Two heroes had come to their home and told them he was brilliant. The had alluded to the fact that he was a genius even. She hadn't even known. The school hadn't indicated anything either.

In fact, they often called and sent letters about Izuku's poor grades. She had tried to talk to him about it, but he would always apologize and say that he would work harder and do better. Then his grades would go up enough to pass, and honestly, they were pretty much average. However, that couldn't be right.

She had looked at one of her son's notebooks, and that quality analysis was done by someone with a highly analytical mind. Analytical thinking like that would spill over onto his school work, even if he primarily used it for heroes and quirks. Which begs the question, "How were his grades so low?"

Inko was about to apologize to her son when she heard him say softly, "I'm sorry, Mom."

This shocked Inko. She was the one who should be telling him she was

sorry. When she didn't respond right away, she heard him start to sniffle. "Izu-kun, you have nothing to be sorry for. I saw one of your notebooks, and what you can do is amazing. I'm the one who should be apologizing. I should have noticed. I should have had more faith in you from the beginning. So, Izu-kun, I'm so sorry."

Izuku turned to Inko, and she could see the tears streaming down his cheeks. She felt the tears start to stream down her own. They were a bunch of criers, and always had been. At least he came by it naturally. Izuku started sputtering about her not needing to apologize to him, but Inko just wrapped her arms around her son and let him cry it out.

By the time they both calmed down, Inko knew that they both looked like a hot mess. She sent Izuku off to wash his face and went to grab a takeout menu. Neither one of them felt like cooking, and it would be good for them to sit and talk for a while. By the time Izuku returned, she had already ordered food. They just had to wait for it to get here.

Chapter End Notes

yay. No cliffhangers.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> The response to this story has surprised and amazed me. It made me just want to keep writing whenever I had a free moment. This chapter is back to the regular size, but I hope you like it anyway.

Izuku found himself awake at five thirty the next morning. He hadn't been able to sleep well at all. There was just so much on his mind. He had always worked hard on his notes, but he had never thought about how it could be dangerous. Honestly, everyone had always reacted in one of two ways. They saw them as a cute hobby that was a futile effort on his part to try to be a hero. The second group was the one he encountered more often. The group in which he encountered anger and disdain. So, really, he had had no idea that they could have been so helpful or dangerous. Everyone at school knew he was the stupid, useless Deku with the notebooks. He had never tried to hide it.

After talking with Present Mic and Eraserhead yesterday he realized that he had been incredibly lucky that no one with bad intentions had discovered him. Izuku never thought he would be thankful that everyone around him believed him to be stupid and useless. However, a little part of him was. He never wanted anything bad to happen to his mom.

Izuku knew he wasn't stupid. He knew his grades didn't reflect his abilities. When he had first started at Aldera Middle School he had thought that the mistakes in the grading of his work was an accident. The teachers had dashed that hope though when he brought it up. They had done it on purpose, and they made sure that he knew it. They explained that there was no way that they were going to allow him to overshadow a quirked student that had the potential to make something of themselves.

After all there was at least one student that had the potential to be a great hero, and the teachers weren't going to let the useless, quirkless Izuku get ahead of students like Bakugo.

Izuku had tried to bring up an online school program to his mom, but she had pretty much shut that down. She said that he needed to be around other students his age. Izuku knew that his mom didn't understand how bad the situation was. She loved him, but with work and keeping up with everything on her plate, Izuku didn't want to

make her worry for him. So, he just had to deal with it.

That's why the conversation they had had after dinner last night had been good for them. They had sat in front of the television with the sound down low and vegged out on the takeout. After they had eaten his mom had, once again, apologized to him. She had been ashamed that she hadn't noticed what he was capable of. He had told her not to worry about it. He had explained that he made a point not to let anyone see inside them. He didn't want her to think that he was still trying to be a hero.

He did still want to try to be a hero, but he knew that she didn't believe he could do it. Or that he should. She had tried to apologize again, but Izuku had just said that he just wanted to let it go. That he wanted to see where everything was going with his notes at this point. He knew that she loved him, and that was enough.

He could see that his mom didn't agree with him, but she had let it go for now. They had had a crazy day, and the following day wasn't looking much better.

With a heavy sigh Izuku got out of bed and went to make tea. He found his mom sitting at the kitchen table with her own cup of tea. She didn't look like she had gotten much sleep either. When she saw him, she still smiled and stood to pour him a cup. He sat with her in silence for a few minutes before she asked, "So, are you ready for today?"

Izuku plopped his head into his hand and sighed, "Not really. I don't know what to expect, and I'm worried about having caused them so much trouble."

Inko patted his back in comfort. "I think it will be okay. I think they just want to help you."

Izuku really hoped she was right, but in his experience, no one was going to help him out of the goodness of their heart, unless they were his mother. That was reserved for people that had quirks. People that could become a useful member of society. Not useless, quirkless people like Izuku.

Since both Midoriya's had gotten up so early, they had been ready for a while before they heard a knock on the door. When they opened the door, it was to find Present Mic. He wore his hero costume and a bright smile. Izuku was really nervous, but he couldn't help but smile back. Present Mic was so easy going and he had been so nice

yesterday that Izuku lost some of his tension.

However, once in the car it was like his anxieties multiplied. What was going to happen? Were the heroes that saw his analysis angry? Was Nedzu mad that he had caused him more work. The man, rat, dog, bear being was the Principal of the most prestigious hero school in Japan. It produced heroes like Best Jeanist, Present Mic, Eraserhead, and All Might. Surely, Nedzu was always busy. He shouldn't have to deal with someone like Midoriya getting in the way of his real work.

Yet at the same time he was going to get to see U.A. He was going to meet the most intelligent being in the country. That was crazy awesome. Izuku just wished it wasn't because of something he did wrong. What if they wanted to take away Izuku's notebooks? They were considered dangerous, so they could probably do that. Then all of his work would just be gone. Not just that. Though. His notebooks were the only thing he had that could help him become a hero.

What if Nedzu agreed that he was worthless since he had put heroes in danger and decided he should never be a hero. He could probably make it happen. Maybe blacklist him. It truly would be the death of his dream.

Izuku didn't even realize it, but tears were trickling down his cheeks. He clung to the box of notebooks in his lap, and tried to think of anything other than this trip ending in the utter destruction of his work and dream. However, when the car finally stopped Izuku was afraid to look outside. He didn't move at all he was so stuck in his thoughts. It was both doors shutting that brought him back to the present.

Present Mic had made polite small talk with Mrs. Midoriya, but he noticed that the boy was nervous. He tried not to engage him to much in the hope that he would calm down some. He also caught Mrs. Midoriya casting worried looks at her son when he continued to get more and more worked up. She had informed the hero quietly that the young man hadn't slept much, and that he was very worried about what was going to happen today.

She had tried to reassure him, but she didn't have any more facts than

he did. With a sad smile she told him that it didn't help matters that they were both emotional people.

Once they arrived, Present Mic and Mrs. Midoriya got out of the car, and realized that Izuku had made no move to leave the car. It looked like he had a death grip on his box of notebooks. Honestly, Mic wasn't sure if he even realized that they had arrived. Apparently giving the little listener too much time to think about things was a bad idea.

Present Mic decided he was going to have to coax him out of the car. So, he opened Izuku's door and knelt down, "Okay little listener, What's up?"

The boy twitched and turned to Present Mic. Then he started looking around. Finally, he sniffled, and said, "I don't want my work to be destroyed."

Hizashi made sure to keep his tone level and reassuring as he replied, "No one is going to destroy your work. Nedzu has a deep respect for work like yours. He just wants to see it."

Midoriya looked into Present Mic's eyes and asked in a soft tone, "Promise?"

This caused Mic's smile to soften. Midoriya-kun was such a ball of nerves. He placed his hand over his heart, and stated seriously, "I Promise, little listener."

Izuku felt like he could trust Present Mic, and he knew that when he got stuck in his head like he was, often his thoughts weren't rational. So, when Present Mic asked if he was ready, he took a deep breath and nodded.

He handed his box of notebooks to the voice hero, and got out of the car. He just stood there staring at the sprawling campus. He was amazed at just how large the buildings were. Not to mention the giant U.A. at the top of the main building. It was much larger than it looked on television. Before he knew it, he was breathing out a soft, "Wow."

Izuku heard Present Mic chuckle beside him, as he handed back the box full of notebooks. "Let's go, little listener. I bet Nedzu has tea waiting for us," Present Mic said, as he led the way inside.

Izuku knew his head was whipping around like crazy. He was trying not to miss anything, but he just couldn't see everything at once. The halls were wide and the doorways were huge. Izuku was surprised

that they didn't pass anyone in the hallways, but there was no school today. Still, Izuku was expecting to see some of the staff. He was still mulling it over when they came to double wooden doors.

Present Mic knocked and the doors opened. The group heard a voice saying, "Come in."

Izuku took a deep breath and entered, but couldn't help dragging his feet. That caused him to be the last person to see Nedzu. The first thing to come to his mind was how small the creature was. Izuku had seen him on television, usually for press conferences. He always had such a large presence that Izuku had never realized how small he really was. It was that presence Izuku felt as Nedzu's attention fell on him.

Izuku just stood clutching his notebooks. He was caught in Nedzu's gaze, and didn't realize that his mom and Present Mic were sitting on the sofa and chairs around a low table. The Principal released him from his gaze and invited him to sit. He then asked, "Would everyone like some tea?"

Izuku shared a small smile with Present Mic, thinking of his accurate prediction. Meanwhile, Mrs. Midoriya agreed, and Izuku just nodded. Nedzu busied himself with the tea before handing everyone their tea cups. Midoriya resigned himself and sat down next to his mother on the sofa. After tea was dealt with Nedzu settled himself on a chair, and introduced himself in a jovial way, "It's nice to meet you Mrs. Midoriya. Midoriya-kun , I am especially excited to meet with you."

Nedzu had been nice so far, and Izuku had no reason to think that he had any nefarious intentions, but he had to be sure, "You're not going to take or destroy my notes, are you?"

Nedzu hadn't been expecting the boy to ask that. He had thought that Mic would have explained that he just wanted to see the boy's body of work. However, after he thought about it for a few seconds, it wasn't that farfetched. According to Aizawa, the entire situation had come out of left field for the Midoriya's. Honestly, he was hoping to be able to teach the boy, so he tried to reassure him, "I am not going to take or destroy your work. I am also not going to encourage you to stop."

Izuku stared into the face of the dog, rat, bear, Principal trying to gage whether or not he was being genuine. While Izuku was unfamiliar with his features he didn't think there was anything there to indicate he was lying. So, Izuku decided that he was going to trust him, at

least, a little bit. Some of the tension drained out of him and he said, “Thank you.”

“Now with that being said, you do still need to be taught the protocols and safety measures for this type of information. I would be happy to teach you,” Nedzu continued.

Izuku didn’t know what to say. It was a great honor to be taught by Nedzu himself. Even if it was just some safety measures and protocols. Izuku nodded and said, “Umm, okay.”

Nedzu smiled and stated, “Wonderful.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Thanks so much for everyone's amazing support. I appreciate it so much. You guys are amazing. 😊 This chapter might be a little different than the others in style. I tried to illustrate Midoriya's anxiety. I also discovered that Nedzu is damn hard to write. 😒 I rewrote some of this three times, and I'm still not sure if I'm happy with it. I'm really going to have to work on Nedzu. lol Anyway, On to the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

At this point the Principal looked to Mrs. Midoriya, and asked, “Mrs. Midoriya would that be agreeable?”

When she nodded and agreed, he stated, “Marvelous, Now to the next matter. I understand that Present Mic and Aizawa explained the possible dangers of your son having this ability, yes?”

Inko cleared her throat and stated, “They explained that it was an extremely sought-after ability and that villains, in particular, would want him.”

Nedzu nodded and stated, “That is true. Intelligent villains are always on the lookout for people with Midoriya-kun's abilities. It would give them a serious advantage over the heroes.”

Mrs. Midoriya replied, “I want my son to be safe. We will do whatever it takes for him to be safe. He would also like to continue his analysis.”

This caused Nedzu to smile. “There are several options that we can employ to ensure the continued safety of you and your son, Mrs. Midoriya. I also want you to know that I have no intentions of discouraging Midoriya-kun's pursuits.”

Izuku watched his mother nod at the Principal and say, “Tell me the options.”

At this point Izuku realized that he and Present Mic were watching his mother’s and Nedzu’s conversation like a tennis match. They were going back and forth like this wasn’t a completely surreal experience. While the voice hero was relaxed and drinking his tea as he watched,

Izuku felt the tension creeping back into his shoulders. This entire situation was his fault, and he had no idea what was going to happen. He was, however, grateful that Present Mic had been correct. Nedzu didn't seem to be angry at him.

He was brought back to the present when he heard his mother state, "That doesn't really seem practical. What is the other option?"

Izuku realized he had missed something and brought the full force of his focus back to the conversation just in time to hear Nedzu say, "The other option, is for both you and Izuku to move onto U.A.'s Campus. We already have an apartment building and hero's that live there. You would be surrounded by the school wide security measures and the professional heroes that work and live here."

Izuku knew his eyes were wide as he looked to his mom for her response. He knew a little huff of surprise left him when he heard her say, "That does sound more practical, but there are things we would need to go over like rent and things like that."

He was going to get to live at U.A. Oh my God. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever thought something like this would be possible. He knew it was unlikely that he would ever get to go to school here, but to live here. What had happened to his life? Izuku's mind was spiraling and he knew that he was missing something again because his mom had nodded and had stood with Present Mic.

He hurriedly stood to leave with them, but they all turned to him with confusion. He wasn't sure what was happening at this point so he just stood there waiting for them go so he could follow them out. However, it was Nedzu who asked, "Midoriya-kun, would you care to stay with me so we can talk about your notebooks?"

"Oh, um, s,sure," He replied. Izuku sat back down. He didn't want to seem like he wasn't paying attention, but he didn't really know what was going on with their situation. He had been in his head and worried about what was going to happen. Honestly, he was overwhelmed. He wanted so much for Nedzu to have a good first impression of him, but he seemed to make it worse the longer he was here.

Mrs. Midoriya left with Present Mic to look at the apartments to see if they already had one that would be acceptable, or if he would need to have Ishiyama add another floor to the building. Nedzu realized that the boy was nervous and overwhelmed. He had obviously not been paying attention to the conversation and had stood to leave after he had stated he would like to speak with the boy. While Midoriya-kun appeared to be an analytical prodigy, with his level of intelligence unknown, he clearly had no experience managing his thoughts while still keeping an eye on what was going on around him.

Nedzu did want to look at the notebooks the boy had brought, but he also wanted Midoriya to be comfortable around him. So, the first thing he had to do was ease the boy's nerves. He stood and replaced their tea. Once that was done, he noticed Midoriya wasn't drinking it. "You know, tea is one of my favorite things. It can be very relaxing and I firmly believe that there is a tea out there for everyone," Nedzu stated with a soft smile.

Izuku was startled when Nedzu spoke and picked up his tea. He did like tea normally. It was just this whole experience was a lot to process. He had managed to put his mom in danger and hadn't even realized it. Now everything was up in the air and they were going to have to move. It was U.A. but still. Everything was changing, and it was all because of his notes. The tea was nice. It had a citrus flavor along with the chamomile that he recognized. After a few sips he started to relax. Nedzu waited patiently as Midoriya drank his tea in the silence. Once he saw the boy relax, he gave him a few more minutes and then asked, "Midoriya-kun, why do you analyze heroes?"

Midoriya sat his teacup on the table and was surprised to see it almost empty. Giving the Principal his full attention, he answered, "W, well I've always b, been interested in quirks. Ever since I was little. The only people I would see using their quirks were my mom and heroes I saw on the news. They were always so amazing. Then when I got older and was diagnosed quirkless. I saw all my classmates get these amazing powers and I just w, wanted to know how they worked. But I didn't have one and most of my classmates didn't like that, so they wouldn't let me ask questions. So, I just tried to figure it out on my own."

Nedzu wasn't sure if the young man had taken a breath throughout his entire speech. It made Nedzu smile. He seemed to be full of curiosity. Seeing this Nedzu asked, "What other things are you interested in?"

"I became interested in designing hero merchandise when I discovered

that Underground Heroes don't get any. Which, in my opinion, is dumb. There are ways to design their merch to emphasize the fact they are underground while still keeping their identities a secret. Like my poster that Eraserhead signed for me. I realize that the market is smaller, but the demand is there. It's just a vacuum that no one is filling. Not to mention that the way some people would be better able to relate to Underground Heroes."

Nedzu wasn't the least bit surprised that Midoriya-kun appeared to be a huge hero fanboy, but his stance on the subject was interesting. It was an idea that many of his Marketing students had taken on before, but Midoriya had a fresh take on it. No one had tried to emphasize the underground aspect as it were. It was definitely interesting. Nedzu was contemplating the fact that Midoriya hadn't mentioned any interest that involved school or friends, and before Nedzu could ask another question Midoriya-kun continued. "I also just started learning about designing support equipment. Not building it, but I found this great software that lets you design 3D objects and I've been messing around with that. I'm not very good at it and I'm not really interested in actually building it. I just have a lot of ideas."

Nedzu could see partnering up this boy with a support student. With his knowledge of how quirks worked and his analytical mind, the Principal was sure some amazing things would come out of the partnership. That was, however, for another day. Now that the young man didn't look so overwhelmed Nedzu continued, "Those are all wonderful things to be interested in, Midoriya-kun. I would love to see some of your art and support designs also. However, today you have your notebooks. Would you be comfortable with me looking through them now?"

Midoriya had indeed managed to calm down throughout their conversation. He had enjoyed talking with Nedzu. It was different having an adult that wasn't his mom not tell him how stupid he was for his interests. Not one time had Nedzu belittled him for his art or his budding interest in support design. At this point Izuku was a little excited to see what the furry principal had to say about his notes. "Um. Y, yes sir. I wasn't sure what to bring, but after last night I was afraid to leave anything either. So, I, uh, brought everything."

"Excellent. Now, I don't want you to be bored, so would you be alright if I gave you an IQ test? Just so we can get a better idea of where you stand," Nedzu inquired.

Izuku remembered taking an IQ test at the beginning of Middle

School. He knew it wasn't graded fairly. His assignments never were. He knew it was his teacher's way of keeping him in his place. However, he got the sense that Nedzu wouldn't do that. So, he answered, "Um, That's okay. I don't mind."

This time the Principal's smile was just a little too wide and Izuku could see his pointy teeth. It didn't make him uneasy though. Maybe Nedzu was just so different because he wasn't human. He didn't really gain anything by putting Izuku in his place, because he was in a class all his own.

Nedzu refreshed their tea and retrieved the test while Izuku placed the box of notebooks beside the Principal's chair. As they both began their tasks, silence fell in the office. The only things to be heard were the scratching of a pencil on paper and the occasional turn of a page.

Nedzu started with the brightly colored notebooks used by preschoolers and Elementary School Students. He was happy that Midoriya-kun had brought all the books. He wanted to get an accurate look at the entire body of work so he could better assess the process at which the young man grew over time. He could see the excitement and curiosity to learn on the pages. Even if it was done in bright red crayon. The crude doodles of All Might and past heroes. There were entries on his classmate's quirks also.

Nedzu could see a point where the excitement dimmed for a while, but the curiosity was still there. He thought that it was likely when Midoriya-kun had been told he was quirkless. It didn't stay that way though. One notebook was entirely done on his classmates and Nedzu realized that must have been after they had all gotten their quirks, sans Midoriya-kun. Several notebooks later and Nedzu realized that the personal notes at the bottom had taken a surprising turn. By this time Midoriya-kun was probably eight or nine. At that time, he was adding a section of notes on how to dodge or avoid the quirks he analyzed without doing harm to the user. Especially his classmates.

Nedzu knew the statistics on quirkless people of the current generation. It was a sad fact that they weren't treated as equals. Not to mention the fact that many of them were treated so poorly that the suicide statistics were astronomical. Nedzu looked up at the boy scribbling away at his test, unaware of the attention. Midoriya was so bright that it was amazing that he hadn't given up before this point. If he had they would have lost an incredible and fascinating person. Nedzu brought his mind back to the task at hand and reached for the next notebook.

Midoriya looked at the test. Nedzu hadn't said anything about a time limit so he took that to mean there wasn't one, and he could just go at his own pace. He started with the mathematical and word analogies and quickly moved on to the numerical pattern recognition. He barely had to look at them to find the answers. Patterns were something he was good at. He saw them everywhere. He enjoyed unscrambling the words and placing them in the correct categories, and when he got to the picture puzzles, he didn't waste any time.

After that came the logic puzzles and he had fun explaining how he would maneuver around each scenario. The puzzle involving a villain with an aquatic metamorphic quirk holding two hostages in a train car, with no heroes around was particularly interesting. He spent the entire sheet of paper explaining how the villain's quirk was minimally relevant because they were on a train car and at that point, with no water around to give him a particular advantage, it was more likely he was just durable against certain water attacks.

Izuku went on to explain that he would first try talking to the villain, so he could get a better since of his motivations and deescalate the situation. If that didn't work, he went on to explain the various ways everyday objects found in the train car and on the passengers could be used to subdue the villain while not harming the hostages and getting them out of the way of danger. He did note at the end that he had no way of predicting how the hostages would react to the situation and because of that he would need to take that into consideration and adapt during the scenario.

There were several more logic questions that were similar, and it took Izuku some time to go through them. When he came to the final page there was just one word. Fear. Izuku just sat and stared at the word for a few minutes. What was he supposed to do? There was no question. Just that singular word.

Fear.

He looked up towards Nedzu and was about to ask for further clarification when a thought struck him. He probably wasn't supposed to ask. This was to test him.

Izuku took a deep breath and put his pencil to the paper.

“Fear, at its most basic, is a primal emotion that triggers when a threat is perceived. It is, perhaps, evolution’s way of stopping us from doing things that can harm us. Even if there are outliers that actually enjoy the adrenaline rush of inducing fear. There are as many things to fear as there are people that fear them. Whether it be the irrational fear of things like flowers, riding in cars, or the fear of colors, it doesn’t diminish the fear a person feels. It could also be the completely rational fear of things like death, pain, and failure to name a few.

“Fear is everywhere. It lives in a student who forgot to study for a test, and a child afraid to go outside. It lives in the businessman about to miss a deadline, and the mother watching her child leave the house. It lives in a civilian afraid of the villain they face, and the wounded hero afraid to leave someone alone at home.

Our culture, itself, is based on fear. When quirks first manifested, as a society, we were afraid of losing control. Because of that the rules of our society have been tightened to a degree that someone can’t just be kind and help someone without risking that they will get in trouble for not having a license. I understand that it was done so that people would be held accountable for any harm they committed. However, people have lost the right to self-defense in the process.

Not to mention the loss of privacy that the public quirk registry provides. While I firmly believe that quirks should be documented. It should not be available to the public. Companies should not be able to require you to document your quirk in order for you to have access to employment. The fact that the government provides this motivates discrimination and inequality. This is all done out of fear. Fear of the unknown. Instead of people being treated respectfully based on their own merits, they are often treated unfairly based on what they could possibly be capable of. Without taking into account that there were people capable of tremendous acts of good and people facilitating horrors against their fellow man long before people ever had quirks.

We, as a society have spent so much effort putting up walls in front of our fear that we as sentient beings have stopped working on how to process our fear and work through it. Maybe even work together to fight that fear. We are unwilling to make positive changes to fight that fear head on. Instead, we are content to put our collective head in the sand and allow our right to kindness, equality, and basic human decency to be taken by fear. I believe until we make changes to how we deal with our fear, nothing will change.”

After looking back over his test to make sure that he had answered everything, Izuku put his pencil down and took a deep breath. He leaned back on the sofa and picked up his cold tea. It didn't taste bad and he felt the day start to catch up to him. He did his best to yawn quietly and not disturb the principal who was still perusing his notebooks. He could see that he was up to the more resent notebooks, and couldn't help but appreciate how fast the furry mouse, dog, bear, principal could get through them.

The silence was broken when Izuku's stomach let out a loud rumble. This caused Nedzu to look up from his notebooks with his furry ears twitching. Izuku could feel the blush burning on his face. This was so embarrassing. "Um, I, I'm so sorry."

Nedzu heard Midoriya's stomach growl and he looked up at the young man. He had intended for Snipe to take Midoriya down to get some lunch in about thirty minutes. It sounded like Midoriya was hungry now, and Nedzu made a mental note that the boy must not have eaten breakfast. That just wouldn't do. He placed the notebook onto the short table, and said, "Come Midoriya-kun, let's go get you some lunch."

The boy stayed seated though and said, "N, No that's o, okay. I d, don't want to be a b, bother. I can wait."

There was no way Nedzu was going to let the boy go hungry, so he continued, "Nonsense. It's no bother. I'll walk down with you. Lunch Rush should be in the cafeteria working on his menu for next week, and making lunch. I'm sure he will have something prepared." Nedzu proceeded to usher Midoriya out of his office and they made their way to the cafeteria.

In his embarrassment, Izuku forgot that his notebooks were left in the principal's office.

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks so much for reading. You guys make my day. Also all comments and criticism is welcome and appreciated. Please remember to be kind.
> On another note, my prolific misuse of the word principle has

been corrected to principal. Thank you to both people who let me know. You're the best.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> Previously...
>
> There was no way Nedzu was going to let the boy go hungry, so he continued, “Nonsense. It’s no bother. I’ll walk down with you. Lunch Rush should be in the cafeteria working on his menu for next week, and making lunch. I’m sure he will have something prepared.” Nedzu proceeded to usher Midoriya out of his office and they made their way to the cafeteria.
>
> In his embarrassment, Izuku forgot that his notebooks were left in the principal's office.

Chapter Notes

> Hello everyone. Thanks once again for your overwhelming support. I really appreciate it. I have fixed my prolific misuse of the word principle has been corrected to principal. Thank you to Renoki and Tloak for letting me know. I should be using the correct word now. Anyway, on to the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku found himself sitting in the huge kitchen of U.A.’s cafeteria. Nedzu had introduced him to Lunch Rush and went back to his office. Izuku was excited to meet the hero, and a little bit nervous. He apologized to him for being a bother and explained that he didn’t really need to go out of his way for Izuku. Lunch Rush just laughed and explained that he was in the process of making lunch for the teachers that were working on campus today already. It wouldn’t be any extra work for one more.

Izuku had given up trying at that and just watched as the hero proceeded to slice vegetables, prepare meat, and stir steaming pots. It was a little unexpected to find the hero out of his hero costume. Izuku had never seen a picture of the Cook Hero without his face mask and apparatus, but accepted the hero’s identity as fact. As the companionable silence continued fragrant scents of spices filled the kitchen making his stomach grumble again. Izuku felt the heat of his embarrassment on his cheeks when Lunch Rush chuckled. The hero didn’t make a big deal about it though. He just sat a plate with two

grilled rice balls in front of Izuku, and said, “Here, this should tide you over.”

At this point Izuku knew better than to try to resist. So, he just said, “Thank you.”

Izuku loved his mother and her cooking. She was a wonderful cook and made his favorites all the time. However, this was the best rice ball he had ever eaten. It was crunchy on the outside, and soft and warm on the inside with just a hint of salt and spices. He didn’t think he had ever eaten anything so fast. Izuku even gazed longingly at the empty plate wishing there was more.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it. Lunch should be ready in the next ten minutes.” Lunch Rush said with a genuine smile. Izuku just nodded his response. He was surprised when the hero continued, “So, are you a new student?”

For some reason Izuku had the impression that everyone knew why he was here. That he had put a lot of heroes in danger, and they had had to find him to make sure he didn’t get any heroes killed. Not to mention the danger he had put his mom in. It took him a moment to reorient himself to the reality that not everyone knew, and, to some people, he was still just the same person he was when he woke up yesterday morning.

Izuku had always had a good relationship with service workers. He genuinely appreciated the work they did, and he told them that regularly. The cafeteria workers at Aldera would sneak him some extra food often, and the janitor would help him escape his bullies when he could. So, as Izuku looked up at Lunch Rush continuing to prepare lunch the entire situation spilled out of his mouth.

Lunch Rush had quietly listened, and once the story was told, Izuku was exhausted. He had totally just vented to a hero. Oh my God. Before he could get too worked up. Lunch Rush surprised him again, “I can see how that would be scary, but don’t you think maybe you’re putting a little too much thought into what could have happened?”

“Huh,” was Izuku’s eloquent response to that question.

Lunch Rush continued to plate and garnish his food as he said, “Well, those things didn’t happen. Bad things could happen all the time, from villain attacks to natural disasters. When they don’t happen, people don’t think ‘Hey, a landslide could have happened today. I should worry more about that.’ So, maybe you should focus more on what did

happen. You didn't intentionally put anyone in danger. You didn't know any better. Ignorance isn't something you should be ashamed of. Just try to do better in the future."

The Cook Hero patted Izuku gently on the back and placed a bowl of ramen in front of him. It looked amazing and smelled even better. Lunch Rush proceeded to carry they trays to the outside counter and the hungry heroes that were waiting.

Izuku knew many of his anxieties were in his head, while others were completely rational. Until now, though, it hadn't really sunk in that he had met Professional Heroes in person. Heroes that he had looked up to for most of his life, and they didn't think he was completely useless. They had been so kind to him, even though he had potentially put them in danger. He had even had a conversation with Nedzu, and he was going to teach him the things he needed to know to be safe.

Izuku finished his ramen and felt pleasantly full. He really should have had breakfast. He had just been so nervous it didn't seem like a good idea at the time. Neither Nedzu or Lunch Rush had given him a hard time about it though. It almost felt like Izuku was in a backwards dimension. Where people were actually nice to quirkless, useless, people, and villains were heroes. It was crazy that his life had taken this turn. He felt like he should be waiting for the other shoe to drop. He didn't want too though. A small warm feeling welled up deep inside where his doubts and anxiety resided. It felt a little bit like hope.

Midoriya Inko followed Present Mic down the hallway. She knew her son was overwhelmed. She wanted him to have the opportunity to talk with Nedzu though. She had looked him up the previous evening after Izu-kun had gone to bed. Even though she could tell that much had been left out of the story, it was clear that the Principle had faced discrimination in the past. He might be the best person to boost Izu-kun's confidence. Inko was brought out of her thoughts when Present Mic spoke up, "The little listener will be okay. Nedzu is the best at things like this. He'll take care of him."

Wanting to get a better sense of the people that worked here, she asked, "Does it bother you that he's not human?"

“Absolutely not. I have a PH.D. and he’s way smarter than me,” was Present Mic’s response.

That was definitely a surprise. The hero was one she actually knew of. She had listened to his radio show with her son. He came across as a boisterous, easy going, jokester. She wondered how much of that was just a public persona, and how much was his real personality. She was about to ask him more about his education when he spoke up, “It must be hard for the little listener, but Nedzu is fair. He sees the potential in him. We all do.”

“It is hard for him. He doesn’t have any friends, and he dreads going to school. I know that there is a lot he doesn’t talk to me about. He doesn’t want me to worry. I wish that I had done more, and that I hadn’t just taken it at face value. He used to talk about becoming a hero, and I made a mistake. I implied that he couldn’t do it. After that, he made a point not to talk to me about certain things. I didn’t want to give him false hope, you know. Now, though, I think that what he needed from me the most was support.”

There was a contemplative pause in the conversation as they made their way across the campus. Inko took a moment to let her eyes adjust to the midday light as the hero broke the silence. “I know that it couldn’t have been easy dealing with everything on your own. I also know that your son is amazing and brilliant. You also have to deal with knowing some people will think less of him just because he was born different than them. It’s easy to look at the past and think ‘I should have done that differently’. I don’t think you intentionally tried to hurt your son. You just didn’t want him to get his heart broken. Looking back, it may not have been the best way to go about it, but he knows you love him. You are obviously supporting him now. Isn’t that what’s important.”

Present Mic had given her a lot to think about, and silence fell again as they walked toward a large white building located behind the main school building. It even had a back entrance gate next to it, probably for private use. The building itself looked to be about six stories tall, and was pretty nondescript. There was nothing denoting that Professional Heroes lived here. They walked into the building, and Inko realized that this was probably the nicest apartment building she had ever lived in.

Present Mic explained that there were currently several apartments available, since not all teachers lived on campus. It wasn’t a requirement. It was just available if they wanted to. He also

mentioned that he and his husband lived on the third floor with their three cats. He asked if she would need a two bedroom or a three-bedroom unit. They had done fine with two bedrooms and she told him as much. She honestly didn't want the extra space to clean. Even though Izu-kun was tidy.

Present Mic nodded and lead her toward the elevator. The elevator already made this apartment better than the one they currently lived in. She didn't mind using the stairs, but she really didn't like having to carry groceries up five flights. Once they got to the fourth floor Present Mic opened an apartment door and she followed him in. She could already tell that the kitchen was quite a bit bigger than the one she was used to. The hero continued down a short hallway and continued to show her the bedrooms and bathroom.

Inko stood on the living room of the apartment and gazed out the balcony door. This apartment would work fine and it would keep them safe. But now she had so much to do. She needed to pack the apartment, hire some movers, change their address, and make sure Izuku was safe during the entire process. She was willing to do whatever it took, but this was going to be so much work. Present Mic had been doing something on his phone as she looked around, but when he heard her sigh, he put his phone away and said, "Let's go back downstairs, I'll get you a bottle of water, and we'll get started."

Present Mic could see that Mrs. Midoriya was starting to get a little overwhelmed herself. She was probably thinking about how stressful and exhausting it could be to move. And it usually was, but they were going to do it the U.A. way. Plus Ultra! It would hardly take any time at all. He had received a text from Nedzu letting him know that Igarashi was available to help and that he was bringing over the paperwork.

Inko was sure they were going downstairs to get started on paperwork, but she found another man waiting for them downstairs. While Present Mic went to get her a bottle of water, presumably, from the small kitchenette located next to a common room, the new man introduced himself as Igarashi Susumu. He showed her the paperwork for the apartment and explained that all she had to do was mark out the sections she didn't agree with and sign it. She looked it over and found that it was more fair than what she currently had. The rent was a bit cheaper than what she had expected. Overall she found it acceptable and signed.

Inko had never spent much time around Professional Heroes, but that

day she learned an important lesson. Sometimes they were pushy, but they wanted to help her. Mr. Igarashi explained, “I got the truck from Majima, and the supplies. We can go when you are ready.”

This confused Inko, “Go where?” He looked confused for a second then looked to Present Mic. “Didn’t you explain?”

The Voice Hero looked a bit sheepish at that, but replied, “Not yet. Mrs. Midoriya just got done looking at the apartment.” He then gave his attention to Inko, “We are going to go get you moved.”

Inko was flustered at that, but said, “What do you mean. It’s not even packed. There is just so much to do. It’s going to take me a week to get packed. I’m going to have to hire movers. I’ll be lucky if it doesn’t take longer than a week.”

She heard Igarashi sigh, but Present Mic just gently bulldozed his way through her objections as he maneuvered them outside and into the waiting vehicles.

Inko stood in her kitchen making sandwiches for the two men. Since they wouldn’t really let her help. Inko looked around at the eight clones of Igarashi that were currently packing up her living room. There was even several that were continuously bringing boxes from the apartment to the truck. He had an amazing quirk, but she had no idea which one was the real Igarashi. They had been here all of thirty minutes and the living room was almost packed and loaded. Present Mic had taken some clones down the hall and packed and loaded the bathroom and hall closet. The voice hero must be done though, because he made his way into the kitchen and picked up a sandwich.

“Mrs. Midoriya, you can go ahead and pack up anything in the bedrooms that you don’t want us to be going through. And then we’ll finish getting them sorted,” Present Mic advised. Inko nodded and went to pack her underthings and anything else she would be embarrassed to have them see.

Once Mrs. Midoriya finished packing up anything that was private and marking it as such, Present Mic and Ectoplasm found themselves in Midoriya-kun's room. They stood there for a few minutes just looking around at the explosion of hero merchandise. From the posters on the walls to the action figures. It was obvious that the little listener was a hero fanboy. There were even rare and limited-edition items here or there. Hizashi smiled when he saw the poster his husband had signed prominently displayed between two others, he had obviously designed

himself. One was of the hero Purple Variant. He was the very first vigilante to become a professional hero once the hero laws were enacted and the Hero Commission was created. As far as Hizashi knew, most kid's Midoriya-kun's age only new him as a short entry in one of their history books.

The other was a group of heroes in different inspirational poses. However, he didn't recognize them. Mic couldn't figure out why until Ectoplasm chuckled and said, "They aren't heroes, Yamada. They're philosophers, cultural leaders, and religious savants that taught peace, kindness, and equality against the wars, bigotry and social disparity of their time." Now that Igarashi had pointed it out, Hizashi could recognize some of them. It was just odd seeing them in brightly colored hero costumes, instead of the stoic dignity they were usually portrayed with. "Kayama would love this," Mic said.

Ectoplasm smiled and nodded. He then proceeded to take pictures just like he had of the other rooms. They would be able to put it back up just like the young man had organized it. Ectoplasm made sure that his clones were extra careful as they removed and packed up the young man's art and supplies. He also took notice that Yamada was doing the same with the various hero merchandise scattered around the room.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading and commenting. All criticism is welcome. Please remember to be kind.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

> Previously...
>
> Ectoplasm smiled and nodded. He then proceeded to take pictures just like he had of the other rooms. They would be able to put it back up just like the young man had organized it. Ectoplasm made sure that his clones were extra careful as they removed and packed up the young man's art and supplies. He also took notice that Yamada was doing the same with the various hero merchandise scattered around the room.

Chapter Notes

> Hello everyone. I want to thank everyone for the overwhelming support you've all given me for this story. 💖 You are all amazing. Thank you so much.
> This update took longer than I anticipated and I'm sorry. It is longer than normal. I just wanted this section of time to be cohesive. I also wanted to go in depth with some perspectives, but that would have made this chapter like 10,000 words. So, in fair warning some people's thoughts will be returning to these events later.
> Now, On to the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 7

Izuku had just finished washing his dishes when Lunch Rush walked back in followed by Snipe. Izuku would know that mask anywhere. He thanked Lunch Rush again, and waited to find out what was going to happen now. He figured, at this point, he would be going back to Nedzu's office. He had left his notebooks there, and the principal hadn't been finished with them anyway. Izuku wasn't really worried about it. He could pick them up when the furry principal was finished with them. Nedzu had already said he didn't want to destroy them or take them away, after all Izuku really wanted to be able to trust him.

Izuku did his best to keep his composure and not say anything

embarrassing when Snipe introduced himself and held out a hand for Izuku to shake. Izuku was proud of himself for staying quiet, but then the hero said, “Something’s came up and Nedzu has to work on it for the next few hours. He thought that you might like a tour of campus.”

Snipe smiled behind his mask. The young man hadn’t been what he was expecting. He was small and timid. For all that he was brilliant, he didn’t appear to have much confidence at all. When Snipe mentioned a tour, the boy practically started to vibrate in excitement. He obviously wanted to see the tour even though his next words stated the opposite, “I don’t want to take up your time. You’re probably really busy. I don’t want to be a bother.”

The hero did his best to reassure Midoriya, “It’s no bother, I’m going to do a walk around anyway. I thought you might want to go with me.”

It seemed to be enough because the boy replied, “If you’re sure, I would love a tour.”

They both thanked Lunch Rush and were out the door. Izuku was so excited. He never thought he would get to see the inside of U.A. He had hoped, but realistically he had known the chances were slim. Not only had he got to eat Lunch Rush’s incredible food in the cafeteria, but he had got to have a real conversation with Nedzu in his office. Now he was getting a tour of the campus from a professional hero and U.A. teacher. Izuku didn’t even try to wipe the smile off his face. This was just amazing.

Their first stop was the Support Labs. When they walked in, they saw Majima loading several pieces of electronic equipment onto a cart. He must have heard them. He turned and Snipe introduced them. Izuku was so excited that he wasn’t able to keep it all in, “M, Mr. Powerloader, sir. I’m really glad to meet you. I really like support equipment. It’s just so interesting. There is so much it can do to augment people's quirks and even overcome their weaknesses. I have so many questions. You probably don’t have time for that though. I just recently started to design some of my ideas for support equipment, but I’ve ran into so many problems already and my software keeps telling me that I can do something when I know that it's not going to work. What you can do is just really amazing.”

Izuku took a couple of deep breaths when he finished speaking. He hadn’t really meant to just blurt all of that, but he had so much respect for the support hero he couldn’t keep it in. He felt his cheeks

get warm when Power Loader started laughing and even Snipe let out a soft chuckle. He knew that they weren't angry when the support teacher said, "Thank you. I'm glad that you're interested, and I'd be happy to answer your questions. I just can't right now. I have to get this stuff setup. However, you are welcome to look around for a while. Just don't use any tools and be careful with stuff on the work tables.

Snipe and Izuku watched him roll the cart out the door. Izuku did look around for a bit. There were new innovations on each table, but one caught his eye. It was relatively empty compared to the others. It had a small white board with papers strewn all around it. From what Izuku could see all the papers had research on chemical compounds similar to the one on the white board. A small metal capsule rested on the corner of the table. It looked like a generic canister for use with chemicals or smoke bombs.

From what Izuku could see from the formula it looked like the support student was attempting to make a formula that would expand and harden and still be neutralized with something simple and nontoxic. The formula wasn't finished. It appeared that the student had gotten stuck. Izuku could see the problem. In order to get the result that they wanted they needed to add a stabilizing agent that would aid in the dissolution of the compound once that there was no longer a threat. Izuku debated if he should say anything or let them figure it out on their own.

He knew well the frustration he felt at not being able to ask an adult for help, or even really knowing anyone that had the knowledge to help him. So, he pulled a blank piece of paper out of the pile and wrote the formula he was thinking of, with a note of 'You could try this, M'.

Izuku knew that his mind often got stuck in puzzles, and he would work on them without realizing how much time he had spent. He didn't want Snipe to be off schedule because of him. So, he made his way back to the hero, and said, "I'm ready. I'm sorry about taking so long."

Snipe didn't really have a schedule to keep so he was happy to let the kid look around. Nedzu had asked him to give the kid a tour. Probably to keep his attention off whatever his boss was doing. Snipe was honestly interested to see what would capture his attention. So, he just leaned against the wall and settled in to wait. He didn't really know much about support items and how they were built unless you counted his guns and mask. Because of that, he couldn't really identify

any of the half-built pieces of support equipment or answer any questions, but he could guess that the kid would have plenty of questions for Majima latter.

He watched as Midoriya looked around at the tables that had large pieces on them, but the kid didn't really pause to inspect anything. That was until he came across a pretty empty table. It looked like there was a formula written on a whiteboard and some papers scattered around it, but not much else. The kid stopped dead and just stared at the whiteboard. The kid hadn't so much as twitched in five minutes, and Snipe was wondering if he should say anything to get the kid's attention. Then all of a sudden, he snapped out of it and left a note. Snipe was glad that he hadn't written on the board. These support course kids could get really territorial.

Once the kid was ready to go and they were on their way to their next stop, Snipe made a mental note to tell Nedzu about what happened.

They proceeded outside. Where Snipe showed Izuku the gun range, and the holographic programs that students could use to practice. It was amazing. Snipe even offered to let Midoriya give it a try using a specialized gun that shot paint rounds. He continued to explain that every student started out that way until they had completed all the safety training. It was a lot of fun and Izuku learned that he had pretty good aim. He also did extremely well distinguishing which targets were friend and which were foe.

Next on their tour was the training grounds, and Izuku was properly impressed at the grand scale of them. They also walked through the outside testing area for the support students. Nothing interesting was going on, but Snipe made sure to tell him some interesting stories of experiments gone wrong. Including the time Present Mic got blamed for blowing out the windows on the second floor when it was the support students testing a sonic wave gun.

There was really only one other place that he thought the kid would be interested about. At the very least, he probably wouldn't find it boring. So, he guided Midoriya to a smaller building perpendicular to the gun range. He wasn't sure if Midnight would be here or not, but he figured that the kid would be happy to look at the art anyway.

It turned out that Kayama was indeed in the studio today, and Midoriya even recognized her. She was currently sporting dark gray yoga pants and an oversized t-shirt with her hair in a messy ponytail. It was far from her usual hero look. It didn't stop the boy from

vibrating in excitement. As the kid stammered out his apologies for misplacing his notebook and putting her in danger, the two heroes shared a look. This timid and shy kid was a far cry from the person they had all been looking for. It just goes to show that what they said about assumptions was true.

When the boy had finally taken a breath, Midnight smiled and asked him if he wanted to look around. Midoriya smiled brightly and agreed. Snipe took that moment to step away and message Nedzu a progress report.

Izuku wasn't surprised that the art department got an entirely separate building. Midnight was super nice, offering to let him look around at possible hero merchandise that hadn't yet been seen by the populous. He knew, logically, that only the best would be contracted my hero agencies for production, but it was still really exiting. They walked past artist's stations and over to a wall that looked to be papered in posters of different heroes.

Izuku took his time studying each one. Some were obviously much better than others. Not that the art on any of them was bad. It's just that some of them captured the depicted heroes in new ways. Some even showed a softer side of the heroes. He even outright laughed at one of Cementos riding a cement wave in surfer shorts.

Kayama was taken aback at the young man that Shun introduced to her as Midoriya Izuku. This was the boy who had dissected her quirk so thoroughly that she had spent hours trying to see if she could actually use it in ways, she had never contemplated. Honestly, she was woman enough to admit that his analysis had scared her a little bit. The intimidatingly intelligent analyst that she had pictured didn't really add up to the shy, polite boy inspecting the art of her students.

She could see that he had a discerning eye, and that his attention stilled on certain posters. He didn't seem to linger over the standard heroes in inspirational poses, but gravitated to the contrasting images of the softer side of heroes. Midnight felt the smile tugging at her lips when he laughed at the poster of Cementos one of her first years did.

Hizashi had told her about the poster the kid had done with the Underground Heroes. He had gushed for a while about the 'adorable listener' who was going to give him his first piece of his husband's merchandise. He had stated that it was amazing, and that he believed that the young man had the right idea about solving the merchandising problem for underground heroics. What really had her

curious was the fact that Shota had seriously stated that if he were asked, he would approve it.

Midnight loved art, and had for a long time. She loved cultivating that appreciation in her students, and helping her young artists learn to make their way in the world promoting heroes and what they accomplish. Every few years she had a merchandising student that would attempt to solve the problem of creating merchandise for underground heroes while keeping their hero identities and quirks a secret. However, the fact that Eraserhead, a veteran underground hero would approve the boy's poster was unheard of. It had literally never happened before in her experience.

Midoriya had continued to wander down the wall when she spoke up, "Midoriya-kun, I heard that you're an artist as well."

The young man visibly startled, but replied, "Um. I, I wouldn't really consider m, myself an artist. I, I took a few art classes to help with my notes. Sometimes I get ideas for posters or other merchandise for heroes. Some of my favorite heroes don't even have licensed merchandise. I really want to support them, but since they don't have any, I make my own. It's not great or anything. It's pretty basic. Mostly, its digital art. I wouldn't know how to paint or sculpt like a real artist."

'Well, that was pretty self-depreciating,' Midnight thought. It really was, considering the high praise Hisashi and Shota had given him. Now she wanted to see the poster even more, "Present Mic told me you did a poster for several underground heroes."

The smile the boy turned in her direction was blinding. "I, I did. Eraserhead even signed it. I need to go to the print shop and print one for Present Mic. I promised I'd make him a copy," the boy confirmed.

Perfect. She would finally get to see it. "Midoriya-kun. You can print it out here if you have access to it."

Yep, that brought back his thousand-watt smile, "Really, Mrs. Midnight. That would be great. I didn't want Present Mic to think I went back on our deal. I have it stored online. I just need a computer."

He was just so adorable. Kayama wanted to hug him so tight, but she held back. The boy was so timid, and she didn't want to overwhelm him. She led him over to the computer that was wirelessly connected

to the large printer making sure that the paper was aligned. The boy quickly connected to his online storage site. She had never met anyone that had a password that long. It had to be over thirty characters.

The boy quickly pulled up the poster, but not before she saw that he had many other pieces and even some unfinished ones. She could tell that Midoriya was familiar with this type of printer. There was no hesitation in his actions and within a minute the printer was buzzing away. They had to let it sit for several minutes to make sure it was dry. So, Midnight continued, “That’s a lot of posters Midoriya-kun. Do you have them all hanging up?”

“Um, no. I only have three on my wall right now. I ran out of space. I used to print a copy of every one, just in case. But I ran out of room to keep them. I did make my mom one of Blue Sky,” Midoriya rambled.

“I don’t think I’ve heard of them,” Kayama responded. She was pretty sure she had a passing knowledge of most popular heroes out there. Partly due to her own hero work and partly due to her experience with the art and merchandising world.

Snipe spoke up then making the boy twitch. They were both focused on their conversation that they had both forgotten that he was there, “She was a hero when I was a kid. She wasn’t very popular. Her quirk had something to do with kinetic energy.”

“Yeah. She saved my mom once when mom was in high school. She’s been her favorite hero since. Well, mom’s not really into heroes a whole lot. She says that heroes are the highest form of public service you can attain, and that we should do our best to stay out of their way. I get that lecture a lot when I come home from watching hero fights.” The sheepish look the boy gave the heroes pulled laughs out of both of them.

Midnight pulled the poster out of the printer practically vibrating in excitement to see it. She took it in for a moment, with Takao looking over her shoulder. She could see why her friends had been so taken with it. From a merchandising standpoint it was fairly simple. The scene depicted the heroes in a city at night. However, from an artistic standpoint, it was wonderful. The use of all the different shades of gray alone must have taken forever. The forms of the heroes themselves were not the standard inspirational poses. Instead, it was as if they had just taken a moment to rest on their standard patrols. The use of the silhouettes and shadows to hide each figure’s features

were extremely well done. The splashes of color used to highlight the eyes and support items drew the eye, and managed to look just a little menacing. Hizashi was right, it was a wonderful portrayal of underground heroics.

If she hung it up next to her posters of mainstream heroes it would be a perfect foil. No flashy quirks, no bright background, no over-the-top inspirational poses, it exuded just simple, calm protection. Damn, she wanted one too.

“You know, Midoriya, if you fixed the small discrepancies, I would be happy to send this to the heroes for approval, and I know of several companies that would be foaming at the mouth to distribute it,” Midnight stated. She expected the boy to jump at the opportunity.

She was, therefore, shocked when the boy replied, “I don’t want to fix it. I don’t want it to be more accurate. Underground heroes rely on anonymity. Right now, as the artist, I have no idea how accurate I drew some of them. I did it using grainy video footage and first-hand accounts as a reference. In order to honor the fundamental idea of underground heroics, it shouldn’t be perfect. I feel like that would take something away from it. You know.”

Midnight knew that she was probably starting at the boy with wide eyes, but she couldn’t hide her surprise at that revelation. However, the boy continued, “I understand that companies wouldn’t want something that isn’t accurate, but I would rather the heroes be safe.”

The boy didn’t have an inconsiderate bone in his body, “Hun, I’m going to hug you now.”

She wrapped the boy up in a tight hug. She felt him tense and was about to pull away when he relaxed and returned her hug. When she pulled away, Midoriya-kun was wearing a bright blush, and Snipe was snickering. “Okay, I'm going to see what I can do. Don’t worry about fixing it.”

She rolled up the poster, and put it in a hard cardboard case. “Would you be okay with me looking at your portfolio?”

The boy looked confused, “U, Um. I don’t really have one. I can give you access to my storage account though. The only thing in it is art and designs I’ve done. Some of them are unfinished though.”

“Don’t worry about that kid. I just want to see the other amazing things you made,” Kayama assured.

He wrote down the information on the notepad Midnight handed him, and looked around once again to take it all in. He nodded when Snipe asked him if he was ready. With Present Mic's poster in hand, he followed Snipe out the door. He turned in the doorway when Midnight said with a wink, "Hey kid, come see me anytime. You're always welcome to stop by, and talk art or just mess around."

Nedzu walked back into his office, and checked his emails. He really wanted to finish looking over Midoriya-kun's notebooks, but there were things he needed to do first. The Principal looked over the email he received from Present Mic. Mrs. Midoriya had decided that the open apartment on the fourth floor would be acceptable and she had completed the paperwork he had sent with Igarashi. Nedzu hadn't really thought it would be a problem, and he had made sure that the paperwork would be fair and that the rent would be less that their current residence without it being obvious that he was trying to save them money. He would just let them live there for free since the apartment had been left empty as a sort of safe house, but after his conversation with Mrs. Midoriya earlier, he didn't think that she would find it acceptable.

One thing was very clear from the notebooks. They definitely needed to be kept secure. As does any analysis the boy did in the future. With that in mind, he sent a message to Majima, to meet him in his office. He had already had a plan to set up a room for Midoriya-kun, an office of sorts. However, after hearing about his ideas for merchandise and support items it would have to be expanded. He got a confirmation that the Support Hero was on his way, and proceeded to send a message to Takao. Midoriya-kun would be finishing lunch in the next thirty minutes and he needed him to be occupied for a while. Takao agreed to give the boy a tour and to make it last for at least a couple hours.

With his schedule cleared he pulled up the young man's records for Aldera Middle School. He was about to take a look at Midoriya-kun's test when he spotted Majima on his cameras. He pressed the button to let the man in his office, and proceeded to pull up his notes on just what Midoriya-kun would need.

Nedzu offered the man a cup of tea, and stated, “We have finally found our analyst. Midoriya-kun is fourteen years old. For his safety he will be moving onto campus with his mother.” The Principal’s watched as Majima’s eyes widened in surprise for a second.

The Support Hero nodded, and asked, “Are we doing the standard setup for analysts?”

“No, He will need the standard setup, plus merchandise and support design. I have allocated the one room apartment next to the one Mrs. Midoriya decided on. He’s not currently a U.A. student, so we can’t put him in the usual spaces. Once you have it up and running, I’ll send his current analysis notebooks over and you can scan them in. We will also need a biometric safe for that room for his current work,” Nedzu answered.

Majima nodded his understanding, and said, “I can do that, but it will probably take me a few hours.”

“Well right now you have at least two. Takao has him occupied with a tour. If you need to, let Ishiyama know and he can help you. He should have some time right now,” Nedzu replied. With that, Majima stood and left to get started.

Nedzu took a second to find Midoriya and Takao on the cameras, just to check on the boy. He found them in a discussion in the kitchen with Lunch Rush. It seemed that Snipe was going to have to convince him to take a tour. Nedzu observed the short conversation. He took notice of the fact that Midoriya was still nervous and timid, but his excitement was visible. Once they left the cafeteria Nedzu pulled himself away from the cameras and picked up the I.Q Test the boy had taken.

Nedzu graded it quickly, and it was abundantly clear that Midoriya-kun was an analytical genius. He really did have a higher-than-average I.Q. It was clear that his pattern recognition was abnormally high. While Nedzu knew that this could possibly cause the boy problems down the road, it did explain how he was able to dissect peoples’ quirks in an unprecedented way. Considering his age, he was a prodigy. That begged the question, if he was a genius, why hadn’t his records shown this when Nedzu had initially went looking for the

owner of the notebook.

Nedzu had done his due diligence when Snipe had brought the notebook to his attention. However, when he had pulled up the boy's records and quirk status it had given him no indication that the boy would have been capable of the kind of analysis that was written in the notebook. His middle school grades were, in fact, mediocre at best. Midoriya's records had shown an average intelligence, and with his quirk status, Nedzu had come to the conclusion that the boy couldn't possibly have been The Analyst.

Now that he knew for a fact that the boy was The Analyst, and that his intelligence was indeed above average, he needed to investigate further. Something was definitely wrong here, and he was going to find out what.

Nedzu had told the young man that it was an I.Q. Test, and it was. However, he had added some extra questions in order to test the boy's morality, and potential in heroics. He separated the extra sections that he had added to the test. He then calculated Midoriya-kun's I.Q. He then pulled up the window on his computer that showed his school records for Aldera Middle School.

Every school is required to administer an assessment test at the beginning of the semester for first years, from elementary all the way to high school. Even U.A did this, in order to comply with government testing regulations. Nedzu, himself, was regularly notified of students testing highly in order to keep those students safe from villains who would be willing to target a student in order to gain information they could provide. Also, to watch those students, in the event that they turned toward villainy.

Nedzu knew for a fact that Midoriya's records didn't show that he had an aptitude like the test he took today. He would have been informed two years ago. At the very least, his record would have shown it. The very fact that Midoriya had slipped through the cracks indicated that something was wrong. Nedzu reviewed Midoriya's file from elementary school to his current middle school. Nothing even hinted at the boy's capabilities. Something was seriously wrong.

The Principal shot off a quick text to Aizawa, asking him if he was available. He then went back to the records. He saw the disciplinary actions listed. They all indicated that Midoriya was guilty of transgressions from disrupting class to instigating fights with multiple classmates. Nothing added up with the person he had met and spoken

with earlier. Nedzu could read between the lines and didn't like what he was left with.

Nedzu picked up his phone after hearing the notification tone. He saw that Aizawa was on his way. He put the kettle on to heat, and reviewed the remaining sections that he had added to the test. The principal could feel the smile tugging at his features when he read Midoriya's response to the situational heroics questions he had added. It appeared that the boy didn't like concrete answers. He had explained repeatedly that while he would commit to certain actions during a situation that adaptability was paramount. Considering that he was unable to account for how other people affected by the situation would respond during duress.

Apparently, Nedzu had left the questions too open ended to suit Midoriya-kun. It was, however, Nedzu's aim. It gave him wonderful insight into the young man's thought process. The essay, however, was the crown jewel. Nedzu was surprised and extremely happy with Midoriya's response to the one-word essay question. Nedzu wasn't the least bit surprised that Midoriya was familiar with fear. He was, nonetheless, ecstatic to see how broad the boy's view and understanding was.

Nedzu's ears flickered back and forth when he heard a knock at his door. With a quick glance at the cameras, he opened the doors for Aizawa. "I'm sorry to cut short your day off, Aizawa," Nedzu stated while pouring tea.

"I figured that it was important." Aizawa answered bluntly.

"Indeed. Midoriya-kun's records don't match up to what I know to be true. While, some discrepancies are understandable the situation seems deliberate. I can access most of the information from here, but it would not be admissible in an investigation. I fear that the situation is larger than just one student being bullied. It appears as if his middle school assessment has been tampered with. That alone is indicative of a problem within the administration. I would like you to investigate the situation. I could do it myself, but you know that they will close ranks the moment that they feel that I know something is wrong," Nedzu explained.

Aizawa nodded, everything his boss had said was true, and it was clear Nedzu believed that something was definitely wrong. The furry Principal handed over the two sections of papers that appeared to be a test. Aizawa studied the answers. The underground hero didn't have

an intelligence quirk, but he was aware that the student that had taken the test was exceptionally perceptive. Therefore, he was surprised when Nedzu stated, “That is the test I gave Midoriya-kun this morning. According to his records, his middle school stated that his first-year assessment was below average.”

Aizawa, again, reviewed the test. He agreed. Something was definitely wrong. There was no way that a below average student had produced the answers that were on the test he was scrutinizing. “I’ll see when Naomasa is available to go with me. That should help solve the mystery quickly,” Aizawa replied, while accepting the tea being offered to him.

“Indeed, I don’t want to think that an educational institution is intentionally sabotaging it’s students, but I have a bad feeling about this,” Nedzu stated.

Aizawa wasn’t one to dismiss Nedzu’s intelligence. He, in fact, put a lot of stock in the highly intelligent being. Knowing that the Principal believed that something nefarious was going on at the school increased his determination to get to the bottom of the situation.

“I plan on speaking with Midoriya-kun about the situation. Perhaps he can shine some light on just what is going on.” Nedzu continued.

This surprised Aizawa. In his experience, Nedzu liked to have all the answers before discussing the issue. So, he asked, “Do you think that is a good idea?”

The Principal’s whiskers twitched in a familiar way when he answered, “I do. Midoriya-kun needs to be able to trust us. If he was indeed sabotaged, which I now believe to be the case, then he needs every reason to trust us,” Nedzu answered.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading. All comments and criticism is encouraged and appreciated. Please remember to be kind.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Previously...

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Chapter Notes

Hello, everyone. First I want to apologize for taking so long to update. I also want to thank everyone for the amazing support I've received for this story. You're all wonderful. Thank you for joining me on this ride. I wrote this chapter kinda fast so I'm sorry for any mistakes. Now, on with the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 8

Izuku was buzzing from the praise Midnight had given him. It was amazing to think that his art could possibly be produced and distributed for others to purchase was amazing. Just the idea that he could be a part of Underground Heroes getting some recognition was a little overwhelming. He could imagine people that don’t have flashy or popular quirks finally having merchandise of heroes that they could better relate to. Izuku will always greatly admire All Might, but it was the Underground heroes that fought using weaker or understated quirks that he could relate to the best.

Izuku was brought out of his thoughts when he heard Snipe say, “I’m going to walk you back to Nedzu’s office now. How’d you like the

tour?"

"It was great, sir. Everything here is so amazing. It's a little hard to believe I'm really here." Izuku caught himself, "I, I mean, I know I'm not a student or anything, but it's just amazing to be able to see everything. I really appreciate you showing me around."

The trip back to Nedzu's office was quick as they chatted, and Izuku realized that they had made a big circle around the campus. Once they stood outside the doors to the principal's office Snipe told him that he'd see him around and went on his way. Izuku was about to reach up to knock when he heard Nedzu tell him to come on in.

The first thing he noticed was that Mr. Aizawa was seated in front of the desk. When Izuku just stood there, not sure if he should offer to wait outside or not, Nedzu continued, "Midoriya-kun, have a seat. How did you like the tour?"

Izuku responded with a smile, "It was great, sir. Mr. Snipe showed me the training grounds. I had no idea that they would be so huge. I met Mr. Powerloader in the Support Department. He was really nice, and he let me look around at all the support items the class was working on. There was one station that just had a chemical formula. I got stuck there for a while. They were missing a stabilizing agent. I left a note. I hope they aren't mad about it. I didn't disturb their work or anything, but I get stuck on puzzle's sometimes, you know."

Izuku could tell that Nedzu was giving him his full attention, and was happy to tell him about everything that had happened. With a soft smile, The principal agreed, "Indeed, I do know."

A warm feeling welled up again and Izuku nodded. Nedzu probably did understand. Lost in that feeling and wanting to share the amazing experience, he continued, "Mr. Snipe let me run the course at the gun range. It was a lot of fun, and I didn't do too badly. I really enjoyed the technology involved, and the holographic projections were really great. I've never used a gun before, even one that shoots paint balls. Then we went to the Art Department Building, and I got to see Ms. Midnight. She let me look around. There are some really great artists that go to school here, of course. She let me print out the poster I promised Present Mic. She wanted me to fix it. I told her that I didn't want to, and that it was part of the point I was trying to make. She said I didn't have to. Then we came back here."

Aizawa sat quietly next to the young man. He listened as he basically

gave Nedzu a blow-by-blow account of what he had been doing. Aizawa took in the openness of the boy's posture, and how he had hardly stuttered throughout his account. He couldn't help but compare it to how students usually acted during encounters with the furry Principal. Usually, he could see how they were intimidated by Nedzu. It was largely due to his intelligence or position of authority. Midoriya however, seemed to feel at ease with the highly intelligent being. He wondered if it was a case of like recognizing like.

They chatted about the tour for several minutes,
before Nedzu changed the subject, "Midoriya-kun. I went over the test you took earlier, and I'm happy to say that your I.Q. is indeed quite high. You especially excel in analytical thinking and pattern recognition."

Aizawa was expecting the young man to be proud of his score and the recognition, but he noticed the tension seeping back into Midoriya. Therefore, he was surprised when he just said, "Um,
okay." Nedzu's whisker's twitching at the reply, didn't go unnoticed either.

Nedzu continued, "I was surprised to see that the results didn't match any of your previous records. I was hoping you could shed some light on the situation."

Izuku was shocked. He had known that his grades didn't accurately represent his capabilities. He didn't think that Nedzu would look that far, honestly. His teachers had made it clear that they could do what they wanted, and that it was their duty to make sure that a quirkless waste of society's resources would not be allowed to outshine other students that had the potential to make something of themselves. In the beginning, He had followed the school's policy and went to the Principal to report the teacher's grading him unfairly. The Principal had made it clear that his lying wouldn't be tolerated and if he continued to slander his teachers, he would face expulsion. The Principal made sure he understood that if he complained to anyone, he would face harsh consequences.

What was he going to do? He still had to go to school there. If he explained to Nedzu then Aldera would make sure he couldn't finish Middle School. If he didn't, he wouldn't get into High School, let alone U.A. He couldn't say what was going on, but he refused to lie
to Nedzu either. The Principal had been nothing but kind to him. What should he say? His mind started to spiral trying to figure out how to get out of the situation, but he couldn't find a way out.

Midoriya didn't even realize that his breaths started to get shorter until he was panting for breath.

Both Nedzu and Aizawa recognized the signs of a panic attack. Nedzu took something out of his desk drawer and made his way to the boy's side. Aizawa, being next to Midoriya, was quicker. He knelt down in front of the boy hoping to catch his eye. "Midoriya, what do you need, he asked."

The boy's eyes jerked to Aizawa and widened. He shook his head, and clutched his chest with fear in his eyes. Aizawa took that to mean that he didn't know what he needed. So, he continued, "May I touch you?" The boy nodded and latched on to Aizawa's hand when the man reached for him. The boy's grip was tight. Aizawa was about to continue when Nedzu spoke up, "Midoriya, I have a picture of Snipe wearing a pink tutu with fairy wings."

Aizawa jerked his gaze to his boss in shock. What was he doing? However, not a second later he heard a bright trilling laugh coming from the boy. He looked back and saw the wide surprised eyes. Yet, his breathing was starting to even out, and the grip on Aizawa's hand started to loosen.

"I apologize, Midoriya-kun. I should have explained that you would not be going back to Aldera. Something is going on, and we are going to investigate. I did not intend to cause you any distress. I was hoping you would be able to share your experiences." Nedzu explained quietly while patting the boy's knee.

"I'm s, sorry. I, I don't k, know what just happened," the boy stuttered out.

"It's okay kid. You had a panic attack. We didn't realize that talking about school would trigger you like that," Aizawa answered.

"Indeed, I didn't realize that it would cause you so much distress. I apologize Midoriya-kun," Nedzu agreed. He handed him a cube puzzle to fidget with. "This might help you stay grounded. Don't focus on working the puzzle. Just hold on to it."

Aizawa spoke up again, "Kid, they can't do anything to you. You're safe from any backlash. We will make sure of it. We just wanted to get an idea of what was going on before we went in to investigate. It would help us to ask the right questions."

They watched as Midoriya thought about this for several minutes,

before he nodded.

What could he do? He had already decided to trust Nedzu. Everything had changed so much in the last thirty-six hours. Izuku was reeling. Sure, he wanted to be treated fairly, but, at this point, he had accepted the fact that it wasn't going to happen. He was quirkless. He shouldn't make waves. Everyone else had potential, and as much as he held his dreams close, he knew in the back of his mind that they weren't really attainable. No one believed he could be a hero, or that his notes were useful. Until yesterday. Present Mic had said that they were amazing, and Nedzu had appeared eager to see them.

That pretty much settled the issue for Izuku. These people, these Heroes, hadn't told him once to give up. So, he took a deep breath and started talking, "When I started Aldera in my first year I noticed that the work I got back was graded wrong. The answers that were marked wrong were correct. I looked up the answers and checked. I thought it was a mistake, at first. So, I asked my teacher about it. They said that it was graded correctly, and that I needed to stop lying and disrespecting my teachers. Then I went to the Principle. He told me that slander against teachers by someone in my position was grounds for expulsion and that if I knew what was good for me I would except the fact that Aldera didn't allow useless, wastes of space to overshadow students who had the potential to go far in life. If I ever lied about it again, he would make sure I was expelled and that I wouldn't be able to get into High School. So, I just let it go."

Aizawa felt blatant rage at what the boy was describing. He did his best to hide it under logic and the thoughts of just what was about to come down on Aldera. He was glad that the boy wasn't looking at him or Nedzu. Aizawa saw the fire in his bosses' eyes, and the angry snarl displaying his pointed teeth. Nedzu was just as angry as he was.

Nedzu took a deep breath and did his best to hold back his fury at what had been done to the young man. Nedzu was not ignorant of discrimination and the many ways it can be used to target a victim who is perceived different or weaker. However, he hadn't been as vigilant of the educational institutions since the nationwide assessments had been introduced. He had helped create them as a check and balances system to promote the sharing of student's potential. He hadn't thought that they would go out of their way to disparage a student in such a way considering that it was government mandated and illegal to tamper with it. It was an error that he was going to correct.

“Midoriya-kun, is that the only means in which Aldera has discriminated against you,” Nedzu asked even though he knew it was unlikely that it had stopped there.

Izuku found that once he started talking it was easier to continue and the story just poured out of him. Once he started he couldn’t stop so, when Nedzu asked, he figured that he had already started he might as well tell them everything.

“No, my classmates are encouraged to put me in my place. Which is below them. They don’t like it if I answer a question correctly that they don’t know. They don’t like it if I don’t acknowledge that they are better than me. They take and destroy my stuff, and if I complain about it, I’m lying or being a disruption. Anything that they can perceive as a slight is acted upon. After all, since I’m quirkless, I’m the perfect target for them to practice their quirks on. The teachers encourage it without outright saying anything, or just look the other way. Anytime I’ve tried to report it has ended with me having detention or other repercussions,” Izuku stated bluntly as he fidgeted with the puzzle cube.

The room is silent as the adults digest this information. It was worse than Aizawa had thought. It sounded more like systematic conditioning than any kind of educational setting. This wasn’t just a bad teacher. It came all the way from the top and it sounded like everyone was complicit. They couldn’t treat this as a singular incident. They were going to have to look at it more as a criminal organization.

Nedzu’s voice is soft when he says, “Midoriya-kun, I believe you. However, I need to ask if you have any evidence of what happened?”

The boy’s eyes shined with tears he was desperately trying to hold back, but he nodded. Just as softly he replied, “I have a binder that has the work that was graded incorrectly. I wasn’t able to save everything. As for the other things…”

Nedzu’s waited patiently when Midoriya-kun's voice trailed off. He watched him take a deep breath and stand up. He placed the puzzle on the edge of Nedzu’s desk. As if he was trying to get it over with as quickly as possible, he whipped his hoodie and shirt over his head. As the boy stood there shirtless, Nedzu could see the scars. They didn’t stand out right away. He had to look for them. Most were in a starburst pattern that ranged from long healed silver to relatively new pink. Others were strait lines indicative of deep scratches or gashes.

They splashed over his torso and upper arms. It made Nedzu see red.

Nedzu took a brief moment to bottle his anger while Aizawa spoke, “Midoriya, may I touch your arm?”

The young man nodded, and Aizawa ran his fingers over the slightly raised skin gingerly. Yep, they were real. Aizawa hadn’t really doubted it, but he just needed to prove it to himself. The abuse the bright, timid boy had suffered at the hands of his school. Aizawa himself was considered a stern and strict teacher. He had dealt with his own bullying over his quirk when he was younger, but never had he or anyone he had known experienced the systematic abuse this boy had by a school. He wasn’t sure what he was feeling at this point. Anger, fury really, but there was sadness there too. That this young man had to suffer through such over something he couldn’t control. Softly he patted Midoriya on the arm and told him he could put his shirt back on.

Izuku was feeling all kinds of things as he put his shirt back on, and sat back down, picking up the puzzle cube. He felt relief that he had finally told someone that could actually do something about the situation. Not just for him, but for the others that had come before or would come after him that faced the same day in and day out. However, he also feared that what he shared would change how Nedzu and Aizawa saw him. They had implied that he had potential with his analysis, but that was before they had heard and seen how weak he was. Izuku brought his attention back to Nedzu as he handed him a cup of tea.

He took it gratefully as Nedzu said, “I’m so sorry that happened to you Midoriya-kun. We will make sure that everyone involved is prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.”

Izuku wanted the school stopped so that they didn’t do what they did to him to anyone else, but it wasn’t really the student’s fault. “S, sir. I don’t think the students should face charges. The school used them as a weapon, and basically conditioned them to respond to me with disdain and violence. It wasn’t really their fault.”

This caused both adults to pause. While it was true that the administration at the school was at fault, the children should have known that it was wrong to act towards a classmate in this way. However, it could be claimed that the students were acting in self-preservation to a certain extent considering they probably didn’t want the same thing to happen to them.

Finally, Nedzu reassured, “That may be the case, Midoriya-kun, and if it is we will act accordingly. Everything should come out in the course of the investigation.”

Midoriya nodded and continued to sip his tea. Midoriya didn’t want to think about Aldera and their discrimination anymore so he did his best to change the subject, "If I'm not going back to Aldera, where am I going to go to school?”

Nedzu smiled at him, and answered easily, “Since your school records have been called into question, you need to take placement tests to accurately determine the level of study you require. I am happy to handle that, and we will go from there.”

Midoriya decided that the plan sounded reasonable so he just nodded his agreement, and set the completed puzzle cube on the Principal’s desk.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. All comments and criticism are welcome and appreciated. Please remember to be kind.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Previously...

Midoriya nodded and continued to sip his tea. Midoriya didn't want to think about Aldera and their discrimination anymore so he did his best to change the subject, "If I'm not going back to Aldera, where am I going to go to school?"

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Midoriya decided that the plan sounded reasonable so he just nodded his agreement, and set the completed puzzle cube on the Principal's desk.

Chapter Notes

Hello, Everyone. I am so sorry for taking so long to update. This story is not discontinued. I just had to deal with some stuff. Now, I want to apologize that it has taken me so long to update and read all your wonderful comments. I wasn't able to replay to most comments in my backlog. Hopefully it will not happen again.
I wanted to say Merry Christmas to everyone. I hope your holiday was filled with kindness. I know how it is after someone updates after a long wait, so I want you to know that this is a chapter and not just one long author's note explaining how this fic is discontinued. That would be a horrible Christmas gift. Once again I apologize for all typos and grammatical errors. Now...On to the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 9

“Midoriya-kun, one other thing I wanted to talk to you about. Then Aizawa can show you to your new apartment.”

Izuku was tired. The emotional ups and downs of the day left him yawning. On top of his lack of sleep the night before he was starting to run on empty. He did his best to bring his attention back to the fuzzy Principal, “Yes, sir.”

“Students on the Intelligence and Analysis track are provided a personal lab in the support department given that they are privy to sensitive information. While you are not currently a U.A. student, I want to help you develop your skills. Majima-sensei has set up the apartment next to yours as your personal lab,” Nedzu informed him.

Izuku was used to writing his analysis in his notebooks, and now he had a personal lab. It took a little bit for his brain to really process what Nedzu was saying. Finally, with eyes large in incredulity, he replied, “Sir... an entire lab? I really just need my notebooks.”

Nedzu was watching him and had seemed to expect Izuku’s words. He continued, “Midoriya-kun, it is really more for security right now. You can continue to use your notebooks if you want to. Yet, they must not leave your lab. A safe was placed there that will house all physical copies of your analysis. This will change as you become more familiar with regulations and procedures.”

Well, that took the wind right out of his sails. Midoriya, unable to argue, was forced to agree, “Yes, sir.

Nedzu handed Izuku a packet of papers, and stated, “This is the login information to the system in your personal lab.”

Izuku didn’t even bother to look at it. He nodded his head, and folded the papers to place in his pocket.

Izuku was happy to discover that Nedzu was apparently finished dropping bombs, because the next time that he spoke he said, “Now I know you’ve had a long day, and a lot has changed for you. Tomorrow I want you to take a day to rest and recharge. Try to get used to the new environment. You can even get acquainted with your lab. Monday we’ll work on your placement tests, and deal with that.”

Once again Izuku nodded that he understood, and he does understand. Izuku couldn't help but think that Nedzu probably has a lot of experience turning people's lives upside down. Nedzu walked Midoriya and Aizawa to the door. Midoriya remembered to thank him,

“Thank you, sir. For everything.”

Nedzu didn’t overlook the boy’s gratitude, “You are welcome, Midoriya-kun. I'm sorry that I didn’t discover your situation sooner, but rest assured it will be different now.”

Nedzu noticed the tears that welled in the boy’s eyes but didn’t bring attention to it.

Midoriya nodded, and the principal continued, “I want you to know that if you have any questions or concerns you can always come to me, Midoriya-kun. Any of the staff here would be happy to help.”

Nedzu tamped down on his anger at the boy’s next words, “Are you sure that they won't care that I'm quirkless?”

The pang of sadness Nedzu felt in his heart at that question was ignored as he replied, “I can personally guarantee that no one will treat you differently due to your lack of quirk. Everyone here considers discrimination morally abhorrent, and would never condone discriminatory treatment.”

Those simple words caused an intense feeling of gratitude in Izuku. He felt the tears welling up in his eyes. It took everything he had to stop them from falling. After a pause for Izuku to get his emotions under control, he still had to clear his throat before he could reply, “Thank you, sir. I’ll try to remember.” With a final bow, Izuku left the office with Mr. Aizawa.

The trip was mostly made in silence. Izuku’s mind was going through everything that had happened throughout the day. They had made it outside the main building when Aizawa spoke, “Are you alright?” Izuku had been so engrossed in his thoughts that he actually jumped when the underground hero broke the silence. When he realized what had happened he hurried to reply, "Um, uh, yeah. I guess so."

Izuku was startled when the man snorted in disbelief, "I doubt it. You are probably emotionally wrung out and overwhelmed. Not to mention tired from that panic attack earlier."

While Eraserhead was one of his favorite heroes, he didn't actually

know much about his personality. During their first meeting he had come across as someone who was serious and stern. Yet, the young man had known that there had to be more to it than that. The underground hero was friends with Present Mic. It's a fact that they became friends in High School.

Today Izuku learned that the Underground Hero was incredibly kind. He had done his best to help Izuku through the panic attack earlier. He had also been unable to hide his anger when they had been talking about Aldera. When he had shown both Aizawa and Nedzu his scars neither had looked at him with the disgust Izuku was used to.

At this point Izuku gave up on trying to pretend that he was ok. "Yeah, It's a lot." Everything has changed in like two days. I don't want to be a bother but it seems like no matter what I do at this point it makes more work for others," Izuku sighed heavily.

Izuku was surprised by the man's response, "I can see why you might feel that way. Yet, at this point, I think you need to focus on yourself for a little while and not so much about others. You've been in defensive mode for a long time. Watching for all the threats coming your way. Now, you're going to have to adjust to being in a safe environment. This kind of change is a good thing."

Izuku thought about what Eraserhead was telling him, He realized that the man was correct. Part of him was still waiting for the other shoe to drop. Intellectually he knew that the heroes would try to keep him safe. Yet, in his heart it would take time to come to terms with the fact that he wouldn't be going back to Aldera. He wouldn't have to hide from bullies, run away from Ka-Chan, or take it when his teachers implied he was stupid while purposely lowering his grade.

Aizawa was right. This was a good change. Maybe he should be making an effort to go with the flow of the changes instead of focusing on what had changed. "I guess you're right. I need to make more of an effort to accept the changes, and be happy that the situation has already gotten better. I just don't like the idea that helping me makes more work for everyone."

Aizawa sighed and patted him on the back, "We'll work on it problem child. Just don't worry about it right now. Don't you want to see our new apartment?"

That's when Izuku realized that they had made it to the apartment building. Izuku couldn't see much in the dim light, but there were

porch lights illuminating the bright red door of the entrance. With a smile, he decided that he would worry about everything later, and said, "Yeah. I really do want to see it."

Midoriya walked through the door as Aizawa held it open. Izuku knew that he was whipping his head around trying to take in the lobby and common area. He probably looked weird, but Aizawa didn't say anything. He followed the hero to the elevator and smiled. His mom was probably happy to have an elevator. She had complained about not having one at the old apartment several times, usually after having to carry something heavy up all the stairs. Even though he always did his best to help, she wouldn't let him do it on his own. They were a team.

Once they left the elevator they passed two apartments until Aizawa stopped in front of a door, and said, "This is the apartment Nedzu had set up as your lab. You have the information he gave you?" Izuku patted his pocket and said, "Yes, sir."

The erasure hero continued to the next door down, and said, "This one is yours. Do you want to knock?"

Izuku knocked on the door. Normally he would walk in and announce himself even if he did have a guest. However, he doesn't have a key yet. It wasn't his mom that opened the door though. It's Present Mic that answered it with a wide smile, and greeted, "Hello again, little listener. I hope you are ready to eat. Your mom has been cooking like crazy."

Izuku and Aizawa followed the exuberant voice hero pausing to take off their shoes.

The smell of his mom's cooking hit him, and he realized how hungry he was. His lunch with Lunch Rush was a while ago. Now everyone present heard his stomach rumble. Izuku knew his face was probably red in embarrassment. If it had just been him and his mom there it wouldn't bother him so much. However, with the heroes there Izuku was much more self-conscious. He admired them so much. Not to mention that while he knows a lot about them. He doesn't really know them very well.

Both Present Mic and Eraserhead had been so incredibly nice to him. The last thing he wanted was for them to think less of him for any reason. While he thought it unlikely that just his stomach growling would cause them to think less of him, it did make him hyper aware

of his actions and how he comes across to them.

Izuku relaxed when the voice hero chuckled and patted him on the shoulder, "Go ahead and get washed up. Your mom said dinner's ready," he suggested.

The Heroes watched the young man make his way down the hall Present Mic could see the tension in his husband's shoulders. He wondered what had happened to put it there. Its after all Shota's day off. It must have been something with Nedzu. He greeted his love with a hug and asked, "You okay?"

Some tension eased out of Shota, and he sighed softly before replying, "Yeah. I'll tell you about it later."

Hizashi released the hug and stepped back when he heard Midoriya returning. He watched as the young man picked up and handed him the poster tube he had been carrying. The voice hero was excited when he heard the boy say, "Here you go, Present Mic, sir. Your poster as promised. Mrs. Midnight let me print it out for you."

"Really. Thank you so much, little listener. I'm excited to put it up on the wall. Did you show Midnight your work? I bet she loved it," Mic replied.

They continued to talk for a few minutes as Midoriya told Mic about his visit to the Art Department and getting to meet Midnight. At that point Inko came to see what was taking so long. "Yamada-san, you were supposed to be bringing everyone in for dinner," Inko jokingly admonished with a smile.

Everyone chuckled and Aizawa replied, "You have to be careful with him. He gets distracted easily."

Everyone shared a chuckle as Inko ushered them into the dinning room. Once they had settled down with their food, the conversation flowed. The conversation was dominated by Present Mic, but Aizawa added to the conversation occasionally. Midoriya told Mic and Inko about his day, the tour, and everyone he had met. He shied away from talking about Aldera and what he had told Nedzu and Aizawa. He didn't want to go there while he was still emotionally raw.

"I wanted to thank you again, listener. I'm grateful to get that poster." Present Mic stated with a soft smile during a lull in the conversation. Izuku perked up at that he didn't think it was a big deal, but he could tell that for Present Mic it was a big deal. So, he replied, "It's no

problem. I'm proud of it. Mrs. Midnight liked it a lot when I showed her."

This caused both heroes to perk up, but it was once again Present Mic who asked, "Really, What did she say?"

"Well, she said it's really good, and that it's a great representation of underground heroics. She even asked if I would be okay with her showing it to some merchandising companies. I told her that I didn't mind, but at first she wanted me to fix all the little things that are inaccurate. I told her that I didn't want too though. That's part of what makes it great for underground heroics. If I fixed it, it wouldn't be the same," was Izuku's response. It wasn't the only reason, but he didn't want to die of embarrassment in front of these heroes.

The conversation was disturbed when the alarm on Izuku's phone started going off. They had all finished eating, and had continued talking. Izuku hadn't realized how late it had gotten. He retrieved his phone from his pocket and dismissed the alarm. It was his usual time to watch the news and take notes. He couldn't do that right now since he wasn't in his new lab, but Izuku didn't want to miss it. Yet, at the same time he had eaten dinner with two Pro Heroes, and was getting to talk to them.

Apparently Aizawa had noticed his fidgeting because he asked, "Are we keeping you from something Midoriya?"

Izuku didn't know what to say, so what came out was, "Um... Uh... N... No?:

This caused Aizawa to snort and ask, "Was that a question?"

Izuku wasn't the least bit surprised when his mom spoke up, "That's Izu-kun's warning alarm that the news is coming on shortly. He usually watches the news and takes notes on the hero fights they show."

Izuku didn't interrupt his mom, but he could feel the heat on his cheeks. He was almost certain that his ears were red, but he explained anyway. "I don't always get to see the fights in person. I can't take notes tonight though. Don't worry about it. It just feels weird to not be doing it."

Izuku could see the understanding on Aizawa's face, so he was surprised when the hero said "Well, lets go then. You might not be able to write it all down right now, but you can say it out loud. I'm

happy to listen."

"U... Um. O... Oh no. That's alright. Y...you d...don't have to," was Midoriya's intelligent response.

The voice hero responded next, "Don't worry about it Midoriya-kun. He gets antsy if he doesn't watch the news anyway. You'll be doing me a favor, watching it with him."

And that's how Izuku found himself watching the news with the Pro-Hero Eraserhead. While continuously talking about the heroes and their quirks shown on the news. At first Izuku tried to hold back, but when Aizawa remained silent Izuku relaxed and proceeded to say everything he would usually be writing down. After a while, Aizawa started asking questions.

He asked the best way to counteract the villain with a telekinesis quirk, and Izuku explained that Mount Lady should have drawn the villain's attention. While Kamui Woods went around behind her and immobilized her. That way the villain couldn't use her quirk against them. It looked like the villain couldn't use her quirk on things she couldn't see as it was a visual based emitter quirk. Midoriya also knew that telekinesis quirks had a weight limit. He had learned that while researching his mom's quirk at a young age. So she couldn't use it on Mount Lady directly if she was in her larger form. If she used it on smaller objects they would be less harmful to Mount Lady's giant form.

Next was a fight between Edgeshot and a villain with what appeared to be a barrier quirk. Aizawa was surprised when the kid's solution was for Edgeshot to stop using his quirk. He then followed that by stating that it appeared to be a barrier quirk, and was to an extent. Yet, the debris from the fight made it past the barrier. It's much more likely that he could only stop small objects. So, when Edgeshot used his quirk to fold himself, he was actually enabling the villain to stop him. Several minutes later this was confirmed when fourth kind punched the villain unconscious.

Chapter End Notes

All comments and criticism are welcome. Please remember to be kind. Thanks for sticking with me. Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Previously...

Next was a fight between Edgeshot and a villain with what appeared to be a barrier quirk. Aizawa was surprised when the kid's solution was for Edgeshot to stop using his quirk. He then followed that by stating that it appeared to be a barrier quirk, and was to an extent. Yet, the debris from the fight made it past the barrier. It's much more likely that he could only stop small objects. So, when Edgeshot used his quirk to fold himself, he was actually enabling the villain to stop him. Several minutes later this was confirmed when fourth kind punched the villain unconscious.

Chapter Notes

Hello, Everyone. Thanks so much for all the support. Honestly, It's amazing. I'm sure some of you were expecting a long wait for the next chapter. I was kind of expecting at least a week myself. But, inspiration hit and here we are. Yay. Hopefully it keeps happening. I do want to let you know that I realize that due to all the details that the story is progressing slowly. I can't help it. I've tried to skip things, or move faster. I just can't do it. So, I'm sorry about that. However, the story should start flowing a bit faster now that the primary world building is set. It also helps that I mostly know where I'm going at this point. I want to thank everyone for their warm holiday wishes, and wish everyone a Happy New Year in the event that I don't get another chapter out before then. On a side note. I just read the story Player One by alohaflower. It is fic were Izuku has a quirk, and it's The Gamer. If anyone is interested it's a great story. I'm highly invested. If anyone hasn't read The Gamer Webtoon. You should. It's great. Sorry about that side tangent. Now... On with the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10

Izuku stretched as he woke up. He found himself in his bed wearing the t-shirt and pants he had on yesterday. The last thing he remembered was sitting on the couch with Aizawa-san, and talking

about what they had seen on the news. Izuku felt his face flush as he realized that he must have fallen asleep talking to the man.
He couldn't help feeling embarrassed that both Present Mic and Eraserhead had been here visiting, and he just fell asleep.

Izuku wallowed in his embarrassment for a few more minutes before he forced himself to rise and get ready for the day. His mom probably needed help with some stuff now that they had moved. He also still needed to check out his lab. And... Oh my God... He had his own personal lab. He was going to make sure that he worked hard so he could show Nedzu his appreciation. With that in mind he gathered some clothes and headed to the bathroom. All the while doing his best to ignore the fact that his room was exactly the same as his old one. He didn't know exactly who had been involved in the move, but he knew that some heroes had helped. He didn't know who all had seen his shrine to heroism that masqueraded as his bedroom, but he was still embarrassed about it. On his way to the bathroom, he vowed to himself to never mention it to anyone.

Inko had known that Izuku was tired He had fallen asleep talking to Aizawa-san. She knew he must have been exhausted to have fallen asleep while talking to one of his favorite heroes. They had let him sleep for a little while, and then Aizawa had carried him to his bed. She had tried to tell him that he could sleep on the couch for the night, but the man had gotten a soft look in his eyes, and assured her it wasn't anything to worry about. He had said that her son would sleep better in a new apartment in his own bed. She hadn't tried to discourage him after that. She noticed that Present Mic had gone quiet during the exchange and closely watched to two disappear down the hallway.

Once Aizawa had come back into the room they had talked about her meeting with Nedzu alone the following day, and that he had told Izuku to take it easy for the day. They had also advised her of her son's new lab next door. When she had tried to explain that they couldn't really afford it, the two men had explained that it would be part of his security for his analysis. The school would provide it. She didn't need to worry about it. Once they explained that it was in the apartment, due to the fact that Izuku wasn't a U.A. student yet, she let it go. Honestly, she had other things to worry about, and she didn't need to split hairs over the fact that Principal Nedzu had provided her son a place to work on his analysis.

All of these things were running through Inko's mind as she prepared breakfast. She knew that things didn't add up with Izuku's school. She

also knew that Nedzu was looking into some things. Everything that they had experienced since they stepped foot at U.A had made her feel that they didn't think any less of her son, but years of experiencing the way people looked down on him had made her reticent. However, after seeing how comfortable Izuku was around the heroes, she had realized that he felt safe here. At least a little bit. Sure, it would take a while for him to be completely comfortable, but, honestly, it had been so long since she had seen him be so at ease in someone's presence. Especially a stranger. She wasn't sure exactly what was coming their way, but she already felt that things were going to change for the better. Inko heard her son's door open, and informed him that breakfast was almost ready.

Once Izuku was out of the shower he sat down for breakfast. The apartment was different, and a lot had changed. However, it felt like any other breakfast he had had with his mom. His mom smiled when he mentioned it. Izuku was sipping his tea when he asked, "Mom, do you need any help today?"

Izuku was surprised when she responded, "No, Yamada-san and Igarashi-san were able to move everything yesterday. I do have a meeting with Nedzu today. He said that there were some things he wanted to talk to me about."

While Izuku was surprised that there entire two-bedroom apartment had been completely packed, moved, and unpacked in the span of a day, he wasn't really surprised that the principal wanted to talk to his mom. Izuku was worried about how his mom would take it. Finally hearing about how he was treated at school. He had done his best to hide it because he knew that she had so much to deal with, and he didn't want her to have something else to worry about. She tried so hard to take care of them both. He knew that she had always put him first even though he was quirkless, and some people had told her that he was a lost cause. She had never made him feel that way.

Not wanting her to be blindsided, he said with a trembling smile, "Mom, Nedzu might say some things that worry you, but I want you to know that I love you, and I know that you love me. Nothing that has happened is your fault."

His mom was obviously not expecting that, and asked, "Izu-kun, do you want to talk about it?"

He didn't. He really didn't. It had taken a lot out of him yesterday. Honestly, he didn't think that he would have been able to bring

himself to tell anyone other than Nedzu and Aizawa. They had made him feel comfortable and safe in that moment. He was rewarded for taking that leap, by them taking him seriously. Before yesterday he had expected to keep his head down until he could graduate middle school, and hope that it got better in high school. Izuku didn't want to get into all that again though, so he finally said, "No, I told Nedzu about everything yesterday. He's looking into some stuff. He probably wants to keep you informed. I don't want to talk about it again. I just didn't want you to be blindsided.

He managed to look his mom in the eyes while hoping she would let it go for now. He was a little startled by the fierce look of determination in her eyes. Even though all she said was, "Alright. I love you. I just want you to know that when you want to talk about it, I'm ready to listen."

Izuku felt the tears welling up behind his eyelids, but managed to blink them away before replying, "Thanks, mom. I love you to."

Both mother and son finished breakfast and Izuku volunteered to do the dishes so his mom could get ready. Once the dishes were done, he told his mom he was going to check out his lab next door. Izuku fished the paper Nedzu had given him yesterday out of his pants pocket and tossed them in his laundry basket. Then proceeded next door.

Hizashi had made sure to keep the breakfast conversation light. He knew that something had happened yesterday to upset Shota. His husband usually took a long time to open up to new people. It was a holdover from trauma he had suffered when younger. Hizashi had been surprised when his husband had been so open with Midoriya-kun. Often students were intimidated by the underground hero's strict no-nonsense personality. Not the young man though. Hizashi could tell that he was initially nervous watching the news with Shota, but he had calmed quickly once he got into the analysis. His husband had mostly treated it like he did discussions when he taught. However, they had continued to get more and more in-depth. At least until Midoriya started yawning. He had gotten quieter and quieter until he had eventually fallen asleep leaning against his husband.

Hizashi knew he was loud, and his personality could be 'in your face'. He had made sure to keep some distance from the skittish young man

so he could relax. Once both Shota and Midoriya-kun had arrived for dinner the voice hero could see that his husband was upset. Often when Shota came across something that was particularly awful in his hero work, he would get agitated and need to take some time to process and work through it. Given they had arrived together Hizashi figured something was up with the little listener. He did his best to give the man space when he needed it, so they had fallen into bed last night without him bringing it up. Sometimes, however, Shota needed encouragement to talk about it. It wasn't always good to hold everything inside like Shota had been trained to do when he was young. Sure, it was out of self-preservation, but Hizashi had made a point of not letting him stew in his negative emotions since he had informed the newly transferred Shota Aizawa that they were going to be best friends, and really there was nothing he could do about it.

Shota knew Hizashi was curious about what had upset him. The man was naturally curious after all. He was thankful the loud man had waited until this morning, before he had started pushing. Aizawa just needed time to process everything Midoriya had said and gone through. Honestly, he needed time to calm down. He didn't want to start yelling when talking to Hizashi about it. His husband had cleaned up the dishes and poured him another cup of coffee.
Then proceeded to usher him to their couch, he knew that Hizashi was done waiting.

They sat in silence for a few moments as Shota gathered his thoughts to start. Hizashi allowed him this time, but started the conversation like he did so many that came before, "Can you talk about it?"

Aizawa knew that if he said no that it would be the end of the conversation. There were often many things he wasn't authorized to talk about in the course of his underground work. However, they had long ago vowed that there would always be honesty between them, and there wasn't anything that would cause him to break that. So, after taking a fortified breath, he said, "Yes."

He knew that he should really give more information, but it was hard for him when it was such upsetting news. He knew Hizashi would ease him into it though. He always did, "Is it about the little listener?"

"Yes," was Shota's response.

Hizashi felt his heart clench. The little listener seemed like such a good kid. Hizashi hated it when bad things happened to kids. It made his heart ache. Not to mention that he could tell by how Shota was

responding that it was going to be bad.

After a few more questions Shota finally found it in himself to continue without being prompted. He told Hizashi everything he and Nedzu had discovered the previous day, and about how he was going to start investigating with the help of Tsukauchi. Hizashi had thought it was bad when he thought it was just quirk discrimination. However, when he heard the words 'weaponizing children' and 'systematic abuse' it made his heart clench for the little listener. Even though his husband was basically giving a report in his monotonous tone of voice he could tell that this was seriously affecting the man. He could even guess several reasons why he would take it so hard. The fact that they were both teachers themselves gave them a unique perspective. The fact that they were heroes unfortunately gave them a frame of reference for the abuse the young man had suffered.

Once Shota had managed to get it all out, he found himself collapsed on his husband needing a cuddle. He was grateful that Hizashi remained quiet for a while and let him just calm down, since he had managed to work himself up again. Two of his cats had even come to investigate the cuddle pile. The purring of the cats and his husbands long, elegant fingers running through his hair was wonderful and he felt himself calming under their ministrations.

The careful silence was broken when Hizashi said, "We are going to take care of them Sho. You and Nedzu are going to make sure that everyone involved is brought down. We are going to make sure that the little listener gets all the help he needs. Then we are going to make sure that he doesn't have to deal with anything like that again."

Even though his husband's public hero persona was loud, boisterous, and often goofy, he really did cut to the chase. "Yes. We are," Shota replied.

Silence descended for a couple minutes before Hizashi sighed. "Now I really want to go hug the little listener and tell him that it's going to be okay. He's so smart, Sho. He shouldn't have to deal with this."

"Yeah. Nedzu gave him the day to process, and check out his lab. Then tomorrow they are going to start on his placement tests. You know. It was kind of surprising how comfortable he was with Nedzu.
I don't think I have seen a student so relaxed with him. It was almost like he related with him," Shota continued.

"Mmm," the voice hero replied, "Maybe he did."

Silence once again fell as both heroes contemplated exactly what that would indicate."

Just about every other year Midnight had a student that wanted to tackle the underground hero merchandising issue. When she had first started teaching, and tried to help her first over achieving student tackle the issue she had spent countless hours talking to companies. Just the schools name would open a lot of doors when trying to get into contact with marketing directors and CEOs. However, the problem of producing merchandise for underground heroes had been an issue for so long that most companies were not willing to sink funds into trying to solve the problem anymore. Basically, they had given up, and deemed it a lost cause. However, there was one company. Paladin Merchandising was the one company she had found in those early days.

Paladin Merchandising was a small company; however, they had made a name for themselves. The products they produced were top quality. They were often contracted to produce superior limited-edition items. It was their niche. They still produced merchandise that was seen in malls around the country. She had been so surprised in those early days when the CEO of Paladin Merchandising himself offered to take a meeting with her. Yushio Takakage was a very clean-cut handsome man. At the time he had been in his late twenties. He had been very nice throughout the meeting. Even when he had calmly informed her that they were unable to make an offer on the project to produce the items due to regulations regarding underground heroes she could see regret in his eyes.

He had been professional the entire time. Though, Nemuri was still feeling her way around these situations due to just starting her teaching career, she had still found herself asking why he had taken the meeting when all the other companies she had contacted didn't even bother. She had been surprised to find out that his younger brother was an underground hero. Yushio-san hadn't said much about his brother. He did make it clear that he wanted his brother and other underground heroes to get the recognition that they deserved.

He recognized that most underground heroes didn't really care much

about being famous. However, it bothered him that they were missing out on pay that is offered to recognized limelight heroes. Especially considering that heroes get a percentage of sales from their merchandise. He had even laughed when he stated that his brother didn't really care that he didn't have merchandise, but underground heroes still put their lives on the line daily. They should receive the same consideration.

He had made it clear that if anyone had come up with a solution to the problem, he would be the first one to get on board with producing it. That was how she found herself an acquaintance of a rich CEO of a moderately sized merchandising company. Every time she had a student that wanted to tackle the underground hero issue, she would make an appointment with Yushio-san. Then she and her student would make a proposal. Unfortunately, up to this point, every meeting had ended in a denial.

Nemuri had a feeling this time though. She had made sure to give herself the previous day to go over all the regulations again. The same as she does every time, she makes this call. She had woken up early, gotten ready, and eaten breakfast. However, unlike every other time, this time she felt more excitement than uncertainty. She sat down at the desk in her office, and retrieved the businessman's card from the top drawer. She proceeded to make the phone call.

Once he picked up, and the initial pleasantries were over. She dove right in, "I think we've figured it out this time."

The man's light chuckle drifted through the phone as he said, "I don't think you've ever been this sure?"

Nemuri sighed, and tried to tamp down on her excitement as she replied, "I haven't been. I recently met a very exceptional young man. He showed me a very unique and original piece of digital art. It's out of the box, but I think he has the right idea."

Yushio-san hummed in thought, then continued, "Well, now I'm really curious. When are you available to set up the meeting?"

After they both went over their schedules, they agreed that they would meet on Wednesday. That gave Midnight three days to get everything ready and confer with Midoriya about how he wanted to proceed. It was pushing it, she knew. There was no telling what Nedzu was going to put the young man through in the coming days. However, she had seen it in the boy's eyes when he had been

discussing his poster. Midoriya-kun had a deep respect for underground heroics. She could also see the meticulous care he put into his art.

She just had a feeling that the young, timid, genius had solved a marketing problem that no one else had even come close to solving. She would give it a few hours and then contact Nedzu for his input. She had to make sure that she had her ducks in a row before she got into the details with the principal.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading. All comments and criticism are welcome. Please remember to be kind.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Previously...

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She just had a feeling that the young, timid, genius had solved a marketing problem that no one else had even come close to solving. She would give it a few hours and then contact Nedzu for his input. She had to make sure that she had her ducks in a row before she got into the details with the principal.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone. I'm once again here to apologize for taking so long to update. I really hope it wont be so long next time. My life has become more stable so that's a good sign. This chapter all over the place with scene brakes. I hope I have managed to make it readable.
I want to thank everyone for their comments and responses. I have went back over the previous chapters and fixed some errors and scene breaks if anyone wants to reread them. Hopefully it will be a better experience. I would like to apologize for Chapter 9. I had no idea it was that bad. Thank you so much for all your support. It means so much to me.
Now, on with the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10

Izuku stood outside in the hall in front of the door to his lab. He was reading the paper Nedzu had given him yesterday. It looked like once he used the code to enter, he would need to change it. That seemed simple enough. Izuku proceeded to follow the instructions. Once he had successfully entered his new code he walked into his lab. The first thing he noticed was the living room and kitchen. It was his lab, but it was still an apartment. Walking down the short hallway had him passing the bathroom. Once he came to the single bedroom he discovered where the lab part came in. He had a large desk that took up one entire wall, but that wasn't what had him stopping in his tracks. There were three small television sized monitors hanging on the wall. Along with two monitors sitting on the desk. There was a small server cabinet to the right of the setup and a three-foot tall biometric safe on the left wall.

Izuku just stood there for a moment taking it all in. This was so much more than he had expected. He wasn't even a student here, and they had already given them so much. Nedzu must have thought that he would need it though. The young man finally managed to collect himself and made his way to the desk. He plopped down in the desk chair and sighed at how comfortable it was.

Izuku turned on the computers and waited for them to boot up. It looked like there might be two separate systems. Izuku turned them both on. Izuku had owned a couple computers in his lifetime. They had both been second hand, but he had gotten a lot of use out of them. However, Izuku hadn't ever been in a position to use a setup like this before, and he decided that he would probably be spending some time just learning how to navigate everything. Izuku's brought his attention back to the screens when instead of the standard startup screen, he saw a picture of a Chibi Nedzu with a thought bubble. It said, "Would you like to start your tutorial."

Nedzu's eccentricities made Izuku smile. He clicked yes, then spent the next twenty minutes in the tutorial for the first system. It was basically for his art and design programs. Sure, he could still use it for other things as well. The little cartoon Nedzu informed him that his designs and art would be private. However, but due to legal reasons and his age, he had to be monitored. Basically, an adult had to be

responsible for his creations. He wasn't about to start making bombs or anything in his brand-new lab, so Izuku didn't worry about it. Once, Nedzu had him recreate his password, he then walked him through the basics of the four programs he would currently have access to. Two were for art and two for design.

Izuku was a little surprised when a little chibi Midnight icon popped up on his screen in the top corner at the end of the first program tutorial. He felt his eyes grow big when the principal explained that it was basically an instant messenger icon where he could send a message or even video chat if he had any questions. Izuku just figured that this was a standard program and tutorial for students, and that it probably wouldn't apply to him. Especially when the same thing happened for the Support Design Software. Only then it was Mr. Power Loader that popped up. Once the tutorials for those programs were over everything closed and he found himself looking at a standard U.A. background. Well, that was interesting.

Izuku moved to the second computer, and found himself staring at the same background, but in the corner was the same chibi image of the principle in the same messaging icon. Izuku was about to go in search of any programs, as he wondered why this computer didn't have a tutorial. Then all of a sudden, the icon started flashing and a ping sounded. Izuku clicked on it, and found himself in a video call with the principal. Wow, his life had become surreal in a very short time.

“Hello, Midoriya-kun. I see that you are exploring your systems in your lab. I am here to explain your Analysis system and the security protocols that have been put in place,” explained the principal from behind his desk.

Izuku spent the next thirty minutes getting the rundown on the system. Honestly, it was a little bit amazing. Sure, he didn’t need it to work on his notes, but the green haired boy could see how it would make some things easier. It would definitely make it more secure. His notebooks had been scanned in and he now had his own database. According to Nedzu, the only people that could access his analysis system right now was Izuku and Nedzu himself.

That was, however, not the with the art and design systems. They could currently be accessed by both Midnight and Power Loader. Apparently, the little Chibi icons weren't just for decoration like he had thought.

After confirming a time to start on his placement tests the following day Izuku was starting to feel a little overwhelmed. It seemed like Nedzu could tell because he reassured the young analyst that if he had any questions he could always message or video call himself or any of the teachers he currently had icons for.

Izuku sat in his ridiculously comfortable desk chair and stared at the two desktop monitors. He felt like he had fallen through an interdimensional portal and he was currently living in an alternate mirror dimension where everything was backwards. Honestly, after dealing with the last two days he just needed to relax for a little bit. He was going to take Nedzu's advice and take it easy for the rest of the day.

He pulled the art tablet out of his desk and connected it to his art system. After pulling out his stylus he lost himself in his art.

Midnight walked into Nedzu's office carrying the poster. She only had a couple of days before the meeting and she wanted to get the okay as soon as possible. She honestly wasn't sure how Midoriya was going to respond to the fact that he was going to go to a meeting with Takakage-san where he would have to explain his concept for the marketability of underground hero merchandise. The fact that the boy wasn't a U.A. student would affect the situation and they had to get it all ironed out before she brought it to the boy. She sat in front of the principal's desk and explained the situation.

It took them about an hour to sort out the details and come up with a contract that would allow U.A. to represent Midoriya at the meeting. It would allow Midnight to act as she would with one of her own students. It wasn't exactly the same. Usually, a U.A. student wouldn't have as much autonomy as Midoriya-kun would. He essentially had the final decision on any projects.

As she was leaving Nedzu informed her that Midoriya was still in his lab if she wanted to talk to him. She headed that way, hoping that he would be as excited about this meeting as she was.

Eraserhead sat in Tsukauchi's office drinking a familiar tasting cup of coffee. He regularly found himself in this office, due to his hero work. He wasn't looking forward to dealing with the kid's school, but he was looking forward to taking them down. Aizawa was brought out of his thoughts when the detective said, "So, Eraserhead, what brings you here today?"

Aizawa answered, "We found a kid that's being discriminated against and abused by his school. There are some extenuating circumstances, so he's living at U.A. now, but his middle school has been systematically sabotaging his education."

Aizawa watched as the detective paused, clearly not expecting that answer. He asked, "How bad is it?"

"It's bad. They have also encouraged physical abuse by encouraging and weaponizing the other students. From the way Midoriya-kun talked about it, I think every student there is going to need a Psych-eval before were done. We can't just let them continue on like they have been, believing that it's okay to act that way," was the hero's response.

"I assume Nedzu is involved?" the detective asked.

"He is. He is currently getting everything he can from their security system. He also said he would work on getting some more information on the principal and teachers involved," Aizawa confirmed.

They both had a good idea about how Nedzu feels about abusive people in positions of power over children. It never ended well for the offender.

With a nod the detective stated, "I'll open an investigation now. What school is it?"

Aizawa answered Tsukauchi's initial questions, and passed along the information that Midoriya had given them the previous day. The situation still made him angry, and this time he didn't bother making an effort to hide his feelings. He could tell that the detective felt the same way. They both had a special disgust when it came to cases involving abused children. They had both seen too much throughout their careers.

Once he was done taking down the information, Tsukauchi stated, "I assume you want to stay involved in the case."

"I do. Nedzu also plans to help, and be available if needed," was the hero's reply.

Tsukauchi nodded. It was always a big help when Nedzu got involved. Information was infinitely easier to find. It had been a while since the mammalian principal had gotten involved in an investigation against a school though. A thought occurred to him and he asked, "Will Midoriya be continuing at Aldera."

Aizawa let out a disgusted snort, and replied, "No. Even if there is anything left when we are done. He is currently living at U.A. Nedzu is going to be giving him some placement tests to see where he is at, but the kid is really intelligent according to the I.Q. test Nedzu gave him yesterday. I don't think he'll be needing to go back to Middle School."

Tsukauchi had worked many cases with Eraserhead throughout their careers. He would honestly consider them friends. So, with amusement lacing his words, he commented, "You like this one."

It was a testament to their longstanding friendship that Aizawa didn't bother to deny it, "I have only known the kid for a few days, but I can already see that he has so much potential. They worked so hard to beat him down, and he just took it. It got to the point that he was just accepting that this was how it had to be, and he just needed to get through it. It makes me so angry. "

The detective takes a moment to process what his friend had said, before replying, "It sounds like he's finally where he needs to be. I know you don't have a class right now, but are you free to begin tomorrow. I feel like it's probably a good idea to get started as soon as possible."

The erasure hero nodded, and said, "I am. I'm sure Nedzu will have more for me to do later. So, it is better not to wait."

Present Mic waited for Midoriya Inko outside Nedzu's office. He knew the principal was giving her the rundown on what had happened to the little listener. Nedzu had informed the voice hero that he would be. It just wasn't something that should be kept from a parent.

However, Nedzu, even with all his intelligence wasn't that great at comforting emotional people. He never had been.

Many people believe it is the fact that Nedzu isn't human that makes him unable to process emotions in the same way. Over the years of being the tiny being's student, and later his employee, Hizashi had realized that it wasn't that the principal didn't feel the same emotions as human shaped people. It was just the fact that his instincts were more geared toward animalistic instincts. Usually this involved scent and touch. Both tended to make people unused to the furry principal uncomfortable. Which explained why Nedzu had made sure that Hizashi would be available to assist after what was sure to be a very emotional conversation to Midoriya Inko.

Hizashi actually really liked the Midoriya matriarch. She seemed to be very level headed, but she obviously felt emotions very deeply. From everything that Hizashi had seen she loved her son dearly, and the fact that he was quirkless had no effect on her love. As a person the voice hero believed that was how it should be, but as a hero he had seen the horrific things parents and guardians had done to their children when their quirk didn't manifest as something the parents approved of.

He stood and waited for the end of what had to be a very emotional meeting ready to give the best support he could when the door opened, and what could only be described as a furious Midoriya Inko walked out. Yes, her eyes were red, and he could tell that she had been crying. However, the righteous fury that radiated off of her wasn't something he had been expecting. Yes, he expected anger to come, but usually it was much later. After she had processed what had happened to her son. He expected sadness, maybe some bitterness. He didn't expect it to turn to anger so fast. But it was there in her eyes. It was in her body language. Even someone untrained to see it as he was, would be able to see the tension in her frame. She clenched her hands into fists so tight that her knuckles were white.

Hizashi didn't say anything, just motioned that he would walk back to the apartments with her. She nodded, but also didn't say anything.

They were about halfway back when Inko spoke, "I didn't realize it was that bad. I'm just so angry at myself: at that school, at everyone that can't see how amazing Izu-kun really is. Then I think about the fact that I didn't really know either, and I just get angrier. I feel like a horrible mother."

The voice hero took a moment to process what she said, and replied, "I don't have children, so I can't really understand the same way you do. However, I'm a teacher. I like to think that I'm a pretty good one, but when I heard about what was going on at that school, I got angry to. I wanted to make them hurt. So that part I understand."

Inko nodded, but didn't reply. She wanted the voice hero to know that she was hearing him, but he didn't seem finished.

She was right, and he continued, "The little listener is amazing. Honestly, the vicious treatment he has experienced from people that should be protecting and supporting him makes me want to walk into that building and use my 'strong, heroic' quirk to beat the ever-loving crap out of them."

His finger quotes and actions were so over the top that they shocked a chuckle out of Inko. It was apparently what he had been intending. Inko wasn't a hero fan like her son, but she couldn't live with him for as long as she had and not pick up on things about the ones, he liked most. She heard about them all the time, and she even listened to the hero's radio show with Izuku regularly. So, she was confident when she saw the cruel smirk on his lips and the wicked look in his eyes that she wasn't seeing the Voice Hero Present Mic. No, this was Yamada Hizashi: Hero, teacher, husband, and just maybe, her friend.

Inko nodded, because she agreed with the sentiment. She really wanted to beat the crap out of them to, but was once again surprised when he continued, "Now that we agree that we want to beat the crap out of everyone that has hurt the little listener. I'm going to tell you a secret."

Inko just blinked at the sudden subject change. Then almost snorted when Hizashi said, "It's a good thing that we can't beat them up. Not for them, like you might think, but for us."

Inko was confused. For a second, she had the impolite thought that Hizashi was just trying to talk her down, and was using his newfound familiarity with her to do so. She changed her mind quickly when she heard what else he had to say.

"Now, I agree. It would feel pretty great getting to beat them black and blue. Maybe, even, give them a little taste of what they put the little listener through."

Inko didn't realize that she had been nodding, but she probably should have.

"What's about to happen to that school and the people complicit in their actions is going to be so much worse than a beat down. Between Nedzu's cyber investigation into records and surveillance, Shota's dogged investigation into every individual, and Detective Tsukauchi's ability to tell when someone is lying, they have it handled. They are going to systematically discover and destroy everyone who has ever harmed, abused, or neglected a student at that school. They are going to take down that school with the single-minded determination they put forth on organized crime syndicates."

The voice hero placed his hand on her arm, and she felt some of the angry tension leaving her body. However, he wasn't done.

"Now, let's go find you an outlet for all that justifiable rage."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much to everyone for reading. All comments and criticism is welcome. Please remember to be kind.

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by MythGirl95

Deku's Analysis How To's by OneAMYak

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